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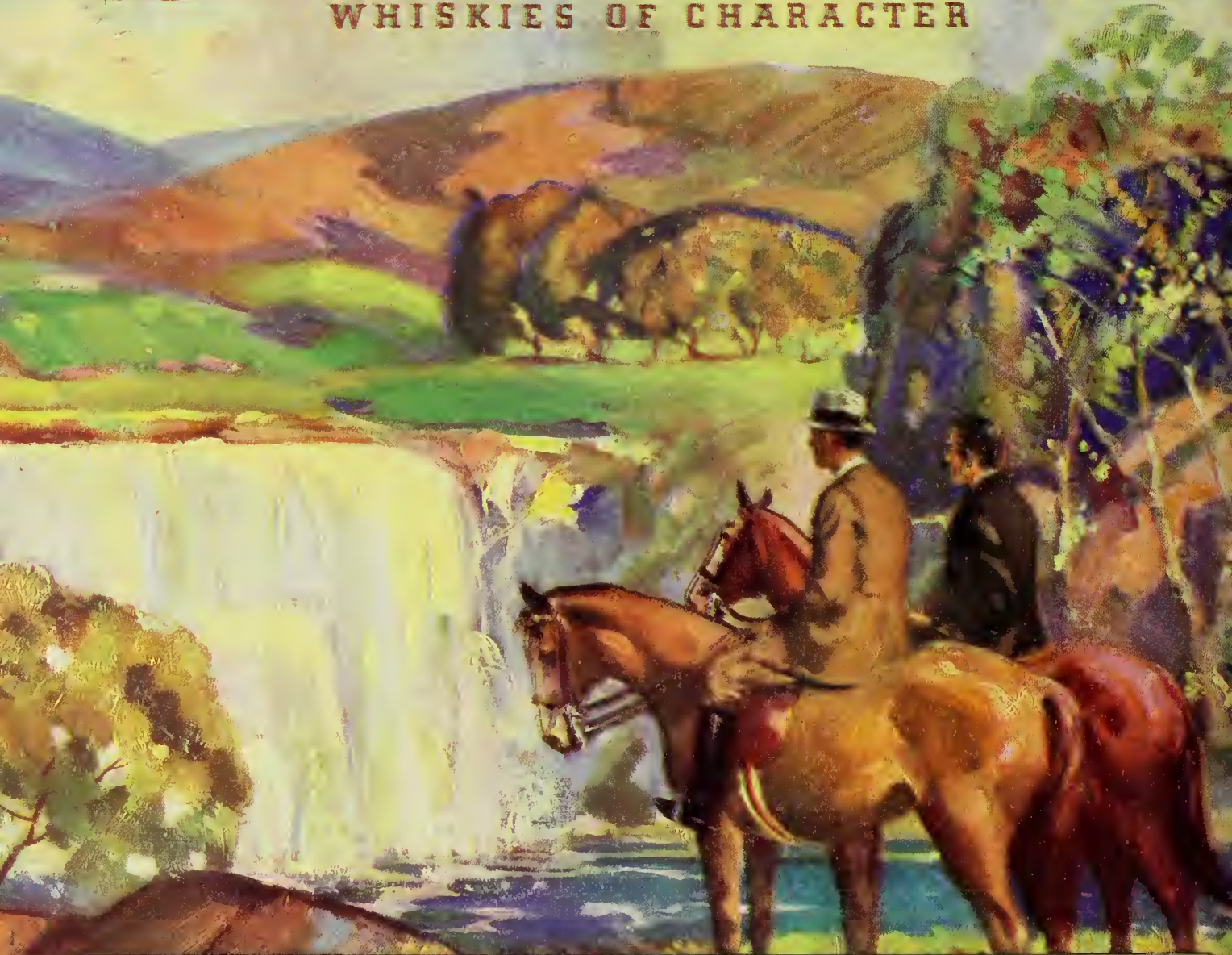


*The American*  
**LEGION**  
M O N T H L Y



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WHISKIES OF CHARACTER



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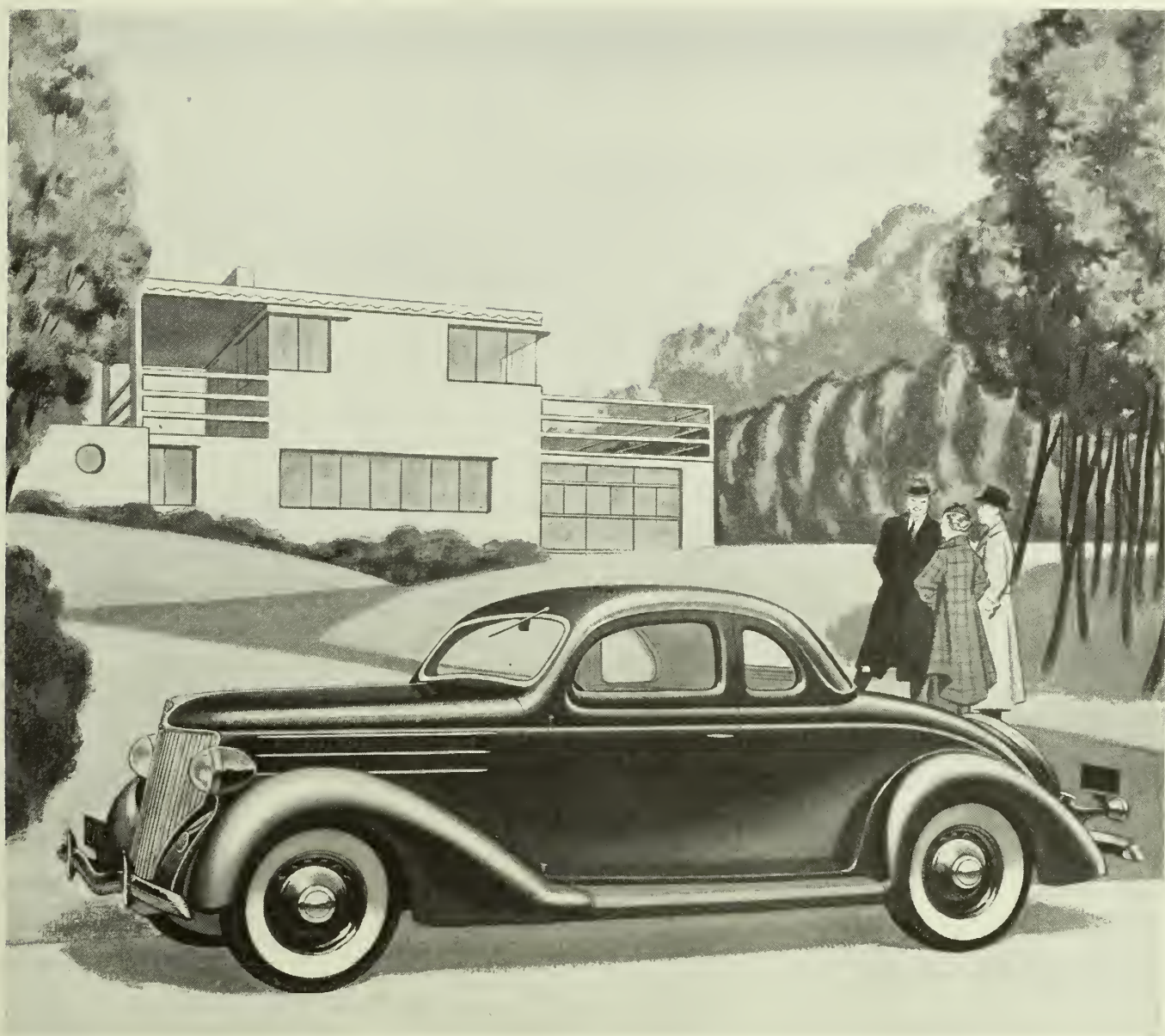


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You will have a feeling that you are driving a truly fine car when you drive the 1936 Ford. For today's Ford is a fine car in everything but the price. It is modern in line and style and appointment. . . . Comfortable and roomy. . . . An unusually safe car to drive because of ease of handling, steel body, Safety Glass throughout (at no extra cost), and sure, dependable, quick-stopping brakes. . . . And it has a modern V-8 engine. . . . You will find that this makes quite a difference in driving enjoyment—it is smoother, quieter and more responsive, with a comforting reserve of power. There is something thrilling, too, about the way a V-8 helps you to step out ahead at traffic lights. . . . It is never any effort to drive a Ford—that is why it is so kind to your nerves. Two new features for 1936 are easier steering and easier gear shifting.

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\$25 A MONTH, WITH USUAL DOWN-PAYMENT, BUYS ANY NEW FORD V-8 CAR ON NEW UCC  $\frac{1}{2}$  PER CENT PER MONTH FINANCE PLANS  
APRIL, 1936

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

APRIL, 1936

# The American LEGION MONTHLY

VOL. 20, No. 4

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES  
Indianapolis, Indiana



EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES  
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

**F**ALL OUT! Dis-MISSED! This for the nearly 10,000 writers of Big Moments, who, now that this issue presents the final instalment of prize-winners, may lay away any leftover possible prize-winning ideas until that uncertain day, perhaps five years hence, when Fall In sounds again. You'll remember that the first Big Moment Contest ran for six issues in 1930.

Exactly 9,677 Big Moments (as against 10,574 in 1930) were received for the six issues, November to April, and 162 prizes were awarded. For each issue there was a main prize of \$100, two of \$50, four of \$25 and twenty of \$10.

At the top of the list in order of number of contributions were California, Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, Iowa and Massachusetts. These six States sent 3,011 entries, not quite one-third of the total. California, highest in entries with 638, won most prizes, 14. Next in order were: New York, 13; Pennsylvania, 12; Illinois, Ohio and Massachusetts, eight each. Only five States failed to place a winner.

**W**ALLGREN'S safety cartoon, published in the January number, is still available to Legion posts, organizations, schools, or individuals who wish

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*Please report change of address to Indianapolis office, including old and new addresses. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this magazine well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.*

to spread the gospel of safe and sane driving. Among those taking advantage of the offer were the main office of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, local agencies of numerous other insurance companies, the State College of Washington, newspapers, and, of course, Legion posts throughout the country. Copies are still available at one dollar a hundred. Address The American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana.

**T**HE fishing gadgets shown in the cover design by J. W. Schlaikjer (a sort of angler's Equipment C) are technically accurate. Mr. Schlaikjer used as models tackle kindly loaned by the Horrocks-Ibbotson Company of Utica, New York.

**U**MPY thousand wildly cheering fans see Tigers smear Cubs and Yale blank Harvard (or vice versa). Crowds? John R. Tunis says we don't know what a crowd is. At league football games in England and Scotland a hundred thousand spectators are a common occurrence. Read all about it in the Maynumber. Also the final article in Frederick Palmer's series on radicalism, and the inside story of the A.E.F. postal service by the man who was in charge of it.

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# SPRY, WIDE AND HANDSOME!



**A SPOT TO PUT A BONUS!**  
**\$765** to \$1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment.  
 Ask about the new GMAC  
**6% EASY PAYMENT PLAN**

**L**OOK it over, brother: you may be the very man for whom we built this knockout of a car, the brilliant new Buick SPECIAL, Series 40!

We had in mind a fellow with an appetite for *action*, an eye for style, a hone for sound, solid value for his money.

We thought probably he'd have a wife, perhaps a family — so he'd want a car that was safe as well as swift — sweet, steady, gracious in its answer to wheel and brake.

So we built him this big, full-sized, roomy beauty and then powered it with a valve-in-head straight-eight engine that's almost as quiet, quick and laborless in its pull as a magnet.

We gave the Special solid footing — made it wider than it is high to ride poised on even keel, with no tire-howl on the curves, no creep, no sway.

We gave it style — modern,

clean, fresh-as-the-minute style, but style without eyeshock or straining for effect.

We gave it backbone, stamina as any car must have to be a real Buick — comfort that only Knee-Action can give — toughness, the stay-out-of-the-shop sort of toughness in every strut, nut and part.

And then we gave it safety, safety rooted in dependable Buick quality, and capped with such features as straight-line-stop tiptoe hydraulics and the famed solid steel "Turret Top."

Spry, wide and handsome, that's this phenomenal performer in a phrase — only one name would fit it when

we were through: the Buick SPECIAL.

The price is the lowest a Buick ever carried — the upkeep is what you'd expect of a six — try it, and you'll see it's *your* kind of automobile!

## IN THE MARKET FOR A BETTER USED CAR?

Buick dealers have some remarkable values. People wanted new Buicks so much that they turned in cars in exceptionally good condition — many of them less than two years old — with only a few thousand miles on the speedometer. And because new car sales are booming, Buick dealers can offer mighty attractive prices on the cars they're taking in trade.

**"Buick's the Buy"**  
 A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

★ ★ ★ ★ WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM ★ ★ ★ ★



# DOWN *with those* WIRES!

*By*  
*Dudley M. Steele*

*Chairman, National Aeronautics Commission,  
The American Legion*

ONCE old-timers used to say, "Any landing you walk away from is a good landing." Whether his plane was wrapped around a telegraph pole or hung from the wires was of small consequence if the pilot's person escaped undamaged. In a day of decrepit surplus war crates and crude landing fields such a philosophy was appropriate. But no longer. Aviation in America has made the strides it has because safe landings had to become the normal thing.

Back in those fledgling days when compasses were unreliable, aviation an unknown science, and most of us flew by contact—that is, by the unsatisfactory method of guiding our courses visually by landmarks on the terrain below—we had another popular saying, "If you get lost up there, just follow the first high-tension line you see and you'll come to a landing field."

There was bitter truth in that saying, and, unlike the first quotation, unfortunately it still holds true. The first landing fields, most of which have been developed to the dignity of airports today, were convenient to main highways. The closer to the highway runways could be located, the greater the convenience to aviators. The proximity of overhead wires, which normally follow main highways, was generally disregarded despite frequent evidence that such obstacles were too often a cause of serious or fatal injuries to occupants of departing and arriving planes. Yet a logical comparison in motoring would be that early road builders left all fences standing across the right-of-way because they happened to be there when a new highway was projected. The menace of overhead wires close to runways is entirely out of place in 1936, considering other advances in the safety of flight.

Right here should be made a point which the layman too often disregards when the subject of flying is considered. It should be said unequivocally that flying is not dangerous. It is when one ceases to fly that danger comes. When one leaves the ground in any sort of aerial vehicle, one fact is certain. Somehow, somewhere, he must return to earth. How an airplane returns to earth is the nub of the whole matter. Normally take-offs and landings are made at an airport, for with the structural soundness of present-day planes and the reliability of modern engines the emergency landing is rare. Therefore, the moment of greatest tension in any flight is in the take-off or in the

landing. That overhead obstacles should stand in the path of flight during such critical seconds would be ridiculous were it not a menacing and too often a tragic reality.

Any flyer can testify to the sickening feeling occasioned by a popping motor under the stress of a heavy load or an insufficiently warmed engine on take-off as one feels a tail-skid dragging such wires. It prompts disquieting visions of a shrieking ambulance, an operating table, and days spent with limbs hoisted uncomfortably in miniature derricks—if not a lily (*Continued on page 44*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING  
*The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly*





## AT THIS SIGN FRIEND MEETS FRIEND

*"WE DESIRE, not merely to make sales, but also to make friends."*

Those words express the whole policy and practice of the Chevrolet Motor Company and its dealers.

And so, when you go to a Chevrolet service station for a change of oil, lubrication, or any adjustment on your car, you can look forward to receiving the honest, courteous, capable service which you have every right to expect.

The work will be done promptly; it will be done efficiently by men who understand every detail of Chevrolet construction; and it will be done at the lowest possible

cost consistent with the reliable service which you naturally desire.

Moreover, if replacements are required, only *genuine Chevrolet parts will be used*, and the high quality of your Chevrolet car scrupulously maintained.

Make it a point, when next you need service on your Chevrolet car, to have the work performed where you see this Chevrolet Super-Service sign.

You will get excellent service, and your Chevrolet dealer will make another satisfied service customer, for *at this sign friend meets friend*.

**YOUR  
CHEVROLET DEALER  
OFFERS YOU THESE  
FOUR DISTINCT SERVICE  
ADVANTAGES**

- 1 *Chevrolet trained mechanics*
- 2 *Chevrolet approved tools and machinery*
- 3 *Genuine Chevrolet parts*
- 4 *Lowest prices consistent with reliable work*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN





# LABOR IS NOT A COMMODITY

By H.L. Nunn



HAVE you ever heard of any normally amiable employer having what is called labor trouble as long as his business remains small enough so that he personally manages the folks who do the work? It is not easy for such a business man to get into difficulties with his people. His close personal contact with them compels him to see them as men and women like himself, with similar ambitions and yearnings and problems. So he treats them accordingly.

No single part of my job is more important than that of dealing with our workers. Since there are too many of them for me to talk things out with individually, I talk with the workers' chosen representatives. They consider me fair. I consider them fair. There is a standing offer to submit to arbitration any point on which we cannot see alike. A commentary on our relationship is that, over the years, no dispute has ever had to go to an arbitrator for decision.

It has long been my idea that the worst possible failing of an employer is to regard labor as a commodity. Labor is not an inanimate article of commerce to be measured in units of production or hours spent at a machine. Rather it is the contribution of men and women to the success of the business. By reason of individual differences, some folks have characteristics, training, aptitudes which somehow fit them to handle larger affairs. The man with such ability is likely to develop large affairs for himself to manage. All of which does not mean that he is thereby entitled to regard the labor of his helpers as something to purchase for no other consideration than the least amount of money they will accept.

As employers we see our obligation as something beyond merely paying a given number of dollars for whatever efforts we happen to require of an employe in a given week. Not that our outlook is paternalistic. May Heaven protect us from ever feeling it our duty as employers to supervise the lives of our people out of business hours.

But we do feel that our obligation is to provide our workers adequately yearly incomes commensurate with their contributions to the success of the business. Too many employers forget that factory men and women, even as foremen and salesmen and presidents, live by the year rather than by the hour or week. The consequence is that we have worked out with our employes through their representatives an agreement under which we contract to pay an annual salary in fifty-two weekly instalments.

Their pay is, from the company's standpoint, a matter of annual budgeting. Year in and year out, the labor cost in a pair of shoes should be a fixed percentage of what we sell these shoes for. So we say at the beginning of the year, "We expect to sell so many dollars' worth of shoes. To make these shoes, we will pay you folks so many dollars. If we cannot sell this many shoes, you still draw your pay. If the price of shoes goes up or

down very much, you and we must get together and change this budgeted amount for labor cost. In the one instance, you will be entitled to more money. In the other, we shall need a downward adjustment so that we can sell shoes in competition with shoemakers who cut pay at the first opportunity."

This agreement was signed last summer and works admirably. So far we have made one adjustment—upward, for shoes have been going up, just as has everything else that enters into the workers' cost of living. And we know, from long experience, that our workers will, in the event of need, agree to a downward adjustment with just as good cheer as we felt when adjusting salaries upward the other day.

Obviously, the interests of employers and employes should always be identical. A great many well-meaning folks believe that these interests actually are identical. Unfortunately, in the ordinary labor relationship there is likely to be a real conflict of interests because the employer is too completely insulated from contact with his people to retain that warm personal feeling which prevailed in the days when his business was small.

Their interests are in fact opposed as long as the employer is free to hang up a sign: "This week the factory will work two days." Likewise, as long as he can work his people through a busy season and then lay them off. But when the employer contracts to pay his people the year around, and if his and their compensation goes upward and downward together as general business conditions shift, then their interests become genuinely identical. There are, of course, many employers both large and small who are as honestly eager to be fair to their employes as we are, and these employers have adopted various plans to put their ideals into effect.

The employes' representatives with whom we negotiate consider us not so much employers as sales agents for the labor of our people. They cannot market their shoe-making ability without some co-operative organization. Our company is this organization. The more shoes we sell and the better the price realized, the better off our factory workers automatically become. Whether times are good or poor, they share our degree of prosperity—not because of arguments or strikes or lockouts, but automatically by agreement. Because of this, workers and management devote their energies not to fighting but to making and selling the best shoes we all know how.

No, labor is not, must not be regarded as, a commodity. It is, indeed, the contribution of men and women to the success of the business. As long as employers sincerely believe this and keep it in mind in all their dealings, they should have a minimum of disagreements with the folks who make their businesses possible.

*FROM time to time, a page of The American Legion Monthly will be turned over to a special guest editor—some prominent figure in American life, Legionnaire or non-Legionnaire, whose views on problems of present-day concern are worth recording and worth reading. Guest editors, of course, will have the privilege of saying what they choose to say and of saying it in the manner they think fit. In this issue the Monthly takes pleasure in presenting H. L. Nunn, president of the Nunn-Bush Shoe Company of Milwaukee, who has achieved a reputation of national significance by his sincere efforts to work out mutually fair, and always progressive, relations with his hundreds of employes.*





# Regiments Cheered

this and similar signs in France at the close of the war

## NOW EVERYBODY CHEERS!

**T**HE bonus bill is a law and millions of ex-service men are going to have the money they need for their families and themselves

*Remember this:*

Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes, leaders

in style, quality and value, are waiting for you today, in leading stores all over the good old U. S. A. Look for the famous Hart Schaffner & Marx Trumpeter label when you buy your spring clothes. It's a big thing to find

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

*Good Clothes Makers*



# Would I Go Again? OH,

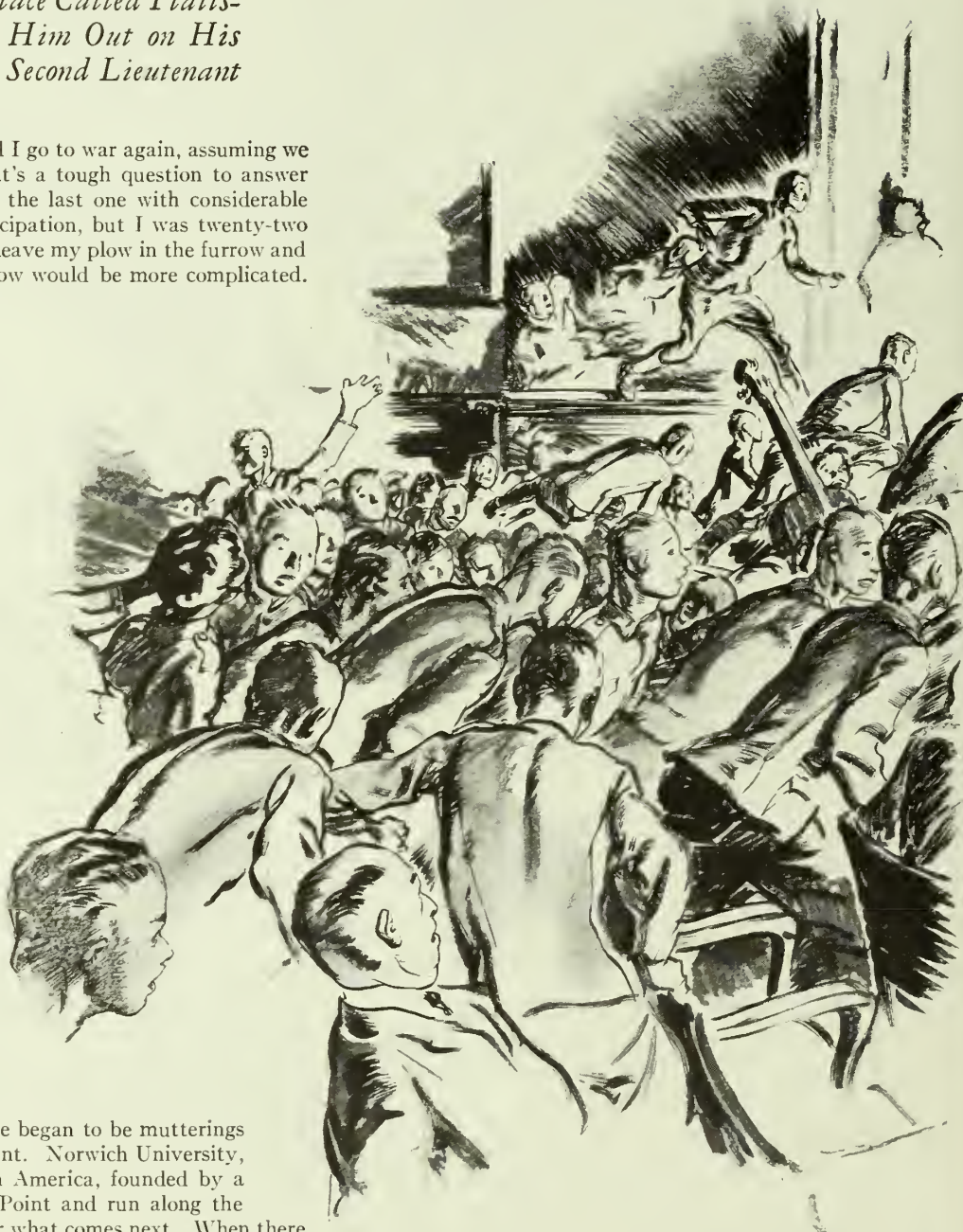
*AN Ex-Sergeant of Ex-Cavalry (It Became Field Artillery) Pays His Respects to a Place Called Plattsburg That Turned Him Out on His Ear Instead of as a Second Lieutenant*

SO YOU ask me, lady, would I go to war again, assuming we had one? Well, now, that's a tough question to answer right off hand. I went to the last one with considerable degree of pleasurable anticipation, but I was twenty-two years old and single. For me to leave my plow in the furrow and my sentence in the typewriter now would be more complicated. Before, I put a toothbrush in my pocket and away I went. Now, we'd leave behind a highpowered wife, three kids, and an unbelievable amount of unpaid bills, income tax, life insurance and all that. Lady, in the last war I wasn't paid for thirteen months, and I was with troops all the time, so you can see the financial side of it should be considered.

Why did I go to the last one, and would I care to tell you about it? Well, will you answer me first? If your husband was in the war, don't you hear enough about the war at home? Oh, he won't talk, huh? Well, as I said, I wasn't paid for thirteen months, so my mind is an open book. The only trouble is that I'm troubled with a little dryness of the throat, my salivary glands are—thank you, that's just what we need to take care of the condition. No ice, please, it takes up too much room in the glass. Just a little extra of the liquid H. E. instead.

Well, lady, in 1917, when there began to be mutterings of war, I was in college in Vermont. Norwich University, the oldest engineering college in America, founded by a former superintendent of West Point and run along the same lines. This is important for what comes next. When there were mutterings of war, I had been wearing the uniform, getting up at reveille and going to bed at taps, cleaning my rifle, mounting guard, policing up under the bunk and standing to heel for three years. Equivalent to a hitch in the Army, only more so, because we had minor tactics, organization, and all the theory a cadet gets at West Point, as well as the usual college subjects.

*Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops*



That was a year when colleges everywhere were forming defense units, and all sorts of tin soldier and Bobby-Shaftoe's-Gone-to-Sea courses of instruction were being given. We didn't need it at Norwich. The whole outfit was military twenty-four hours of the day, and the entire student body and some of the professors had been through the Mexican Mobilization in 1916, the summer before. Now don't look bored, lady, because you'll



# LADY!

By  
*Leonard  
H. Nason*



Pickett's charge at Gettysburg had nothing on those Plattsburgers as they surged up and over the stage

see in a few minutes why I gave you this twenty-one-gun salute for the old alma mater. It was for this very particular reason, id est and to wit:

Along with the mutterings of war, the faculty had been muttering about one Cadet Nason. Now the question was, whose

patience would crack first under continued atrocities, President Wilson and Congress or the faculty of Norwich University? Me an' the Kaiser, huh! huh! Nothing in particular, you know, on my part, in the way of sinking without trace.

At Norwich a cadet goes to summary court the same way he does in the Army. Charges are preferred and all that. Mine used to read, "Disturbance in the corridor after nine P.M.," "Teaching and inciting under-classmen to sing profane song, to wit, 'Sammy Hall'," "Introduction of glue into power spray system." Everybody that took a shower that afternoon had trouble combing his hair for months, only I didn't put the glue in the system. Maybe it was my idea, but I didn't do it. "Inciting to tumult by inviting members of the senior class to attend Professor Eddie's lectures, said course not being given for seniors." I was only trying to make his courses popular.

Zeek Eddie was a prize if ever there was one. He went to the president's reception in full dress, tail coat, white tie, vest, and boiled shirt complete, wearing lumberman's shoe-packs on his feet.

He was a real nut. He'd get

dressed in a hurry and come to class with his uniform on over his nightgown. If you can imagine Joe Penner and his duck lecturing with all the soberness in the world—well, anyway, the boys were cutting his classes because he wouldn't turn them in for it, and it got to the point where Black Mike and Full Pack Sam, and My-Man-Olaf were the only ones going. So we started in to jazz up the attendance a little.

We put on a few electrical experiments of an unusual nature, that is to say, setting off colored lights in various parts of the room during class. We had a boxing match. We gave a prize of a bag of bull durham to every cadet that would bring some kind of animal to Zeek's lecture. No matter what happened, Zeek would keep right on lecturing. He didn't care how much noise there was. It wasn't long before every cadet on the Hill that was free was going to Professor Eddie's classes—seniors, sophomores, and juniors. Freshmen weren't allowed. Corrupt their morals. We were even getting old grads coming back from as far away as Burlington.





**I sounded off that I'd stop it**

Zeek, poor man, kicked finally, and said his classes were getting so big he ought to have an assistant. Poor, simple Zeek. Of course the dean smelled a rat, and descended on Zeek's lecture the next day. Well, he caught eighty-five unauthorized students there, half the cadet commissioned personnel, and two officers of the Regular Army from Ethan Allen. And me. Oh, boy, did I go right straight from there to close arrest. And when Job's comforters came around to talk with me through the ventilator, all they could say was, "Pray for war, kid, it's all that will save you!"

Uncle Sam declared war on Germany April sixth, while I was still

awaiting trial. I was going to get a general court, because I had been a disturbing influence for three years, but this time they were going to make their charges stick. Then, one day, the professor that was going to be my counsel came to see me with the order establishing an officers' training camp at Plattsburg in his hand.

"My boy," said he, "I never thought I could get you off. My colleagues on the faculty cry for your scalp. They want to expel you from this institution with the same vigor and uproar that you have been carrying on here since your freshman year. But when we go to trial, I am going to ask for a continuance, *sine die*, in order that you may fight for your country. Furthermore, I happen to know that all those who go to Plattsburg will be excused from their final exams, and you'd never pass yours if you took an additional four years here. Now, then, do you volunteer or not?"

"Where do I sign?" said I. A week later I was aboard the good ship *Chateaugay*, en route from Burlington to Plattsburg, still a cadet in good standing at Norwich, and an officer candidate at the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. Now, lady, I went into this at length, just so you could compare Zeek Eddie's lectures, which were kind of a madhouse, to what went on at Plattsburg, where they were training officers to lead troops in battle, and if a guy could have stopped laughing long enough, he would have laid right down on the ground and cried for the tragedy of it.



**"Hi, Trinket," I said. "Done your good deed for the day yet?"**

Don't run away now, I haven't gone to war yet, I've just gone to Plattsburg. Plattsburg Barracks was a small infantry post on the shores of Lake Champlain, in northern New York. The place is surrounded by lofty mountains, cold and desolate. There was still snow on the hills when the camp was opened. They issued us cotton uniforms, because in Washington, where the wheels go round, it was hot, and so it was going to be hot in northern New York, by golly, whatever the temperature was. Well, the temperature was around freezing, so you can see what fun the officer candidates had right off the bat.

The barracks were frame shacks, unheated, and the bath house arrangements hadn't yet been completed, so that there was no water to wash in. When they finally did get pipes in, there was no way to heat it, so that a guy had to be pretty Spartan to stand under a shower of ice water. I was pretty cold later on, lady, before the shouting and the tumult died, but never as



**. . . jumped in his bed and pulled the pillows over his head**

cold as I was those first couple of weeks at Plattsburg. I thought I never would be warm again. We were sleeping in double deck bunks, with nothing over us but two blankets and a cotton comforter. I tell you the sound of two hundred and fifty men shivering in unison is an awesome sound.

Well, never mind about that. The point was, here were two regiments at war strength, formed of the finest type of young manhood from New England and New York. Hand picked, too—hardly a one of the five thousand that wasn't a college student or graduate. The authorities put these lads to learning the parts of the rifle and close-order drill. All fine except that the authorities also began to turn on the pressure to make the boys behave. First, they got out a rumor that every week ten men were going to be automatically dropped from each company. The ten lowest in improvement. In order to discover who the ten lowest were, the authorities appointed snoopers, candidates who had been in the camp the summer before and had been commissioned reserve officers in consequence. The snoopers were to turn in reports on their fellow candidates. They tried to get these snoopers to help in the instruction.

You turn two hundred and fifty recruits over to a Regular officer with no one to help him and he'll get in trouble with them. Fancy what happened to some poor lad that barely knew one end of a rifle from the other, and whose entire military experience consisted of sleeping through a course of college lectures the winter before. One guy took a company off into the woods and didn't get them back until retreat, being as how he couldn't remember the command to turn them around, and another one was doing swell with extended order drill behind Officers Row, except that some high ranker's wife came out in her kimono and ordered him off the lawn, and all "that rabble of overgrown Boy Scouts" with him. The only command he could think of in his confusion was "Dismissed," so the company broke ranks and went home at will, to the scandal and disgrace of the Army of the



United States, in the person of one troop of the Second Cavalry, caretakers of the post.

These snoopers knew how to take their rank, though. They would bawl heck out of anyone for anything. Talk about venting spleen! The poor candidates, as I remarked, had to wear cotton uniforms, that stuck out behind like a ship's rudder, and a campaign hat with red, white and blue hat cord, or, as the Army began to call it, "The Fourth of July." You could tell one of these lads a mile away, just by his silhouette. Well, the snoopers were allowed to wear officers' uniforms, with O. R. C. on the collar, which was taken to mean "Orderly Room Clerk" by the scorners.

It wasn't long before the camp had become divided into the "scorners" and the "snoopers." Higher Authority came out with the order that zeal, or lack of it, would be one of the yardsticks by which a candidate would be measured. So everyone had to go around with a kind of hound dog expression of looking for something that wasn't there. Earnestness was the word. And the snoopers went earnestly looking for someone to make notes about. You could tell a snooper a mile away, too, because he had his cap down around his ears, and his boots looked like either funnels or stove pipes, and he always had pencil and paper in his hand like a movie newspaper reporter.

Then, of a sudden, the order came out that there'd be no more reserve officer business. All would be candidates, and so addressed, and all would wear the uniform of the camp. Remember that last, lady, it comes in later on. That order is why I went to war, as will be seen. So the snoopers were all busted and ordered into ranks. They could still snoop, but we didn't need to salute them, and they had to wear the Fourth of July hat cord and the cotton uniform with the tail hanging down behind, just like the rest of us. So us scorners had a good laugh. Somebody made up a song about a particularly obnoxious snooper, that they used to sing on hikes. "Who Was It Put the Pack Upon the Cavalry Major's Back?" Sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body," it was swell.

The third week, Higher Authority had another brain storm. Each day a new set of non-commissioned officers was to be chosen from among the candidates to run the provisional companies. You can't make non-coms that way, lady. But it fired us with ambition. Me particularly. I made up my mind that when I was first sergeant, I'd put the fear of God in some of these birds. You know, lady, we'd be out on the drill field, and the guy that had been called out of ranks to drill the company—we all did it in turn—would be giving commands. Whatever command he gave, some lad in ranks would think it was wrong and suggest another, this in a low tone. The Regular Army instructor would call out a guy, me, for instance, and say, "The company is in column of squads. Form line of platoons facing north, then column of



... one of the Regular Army instructors, with a face like the Rock of Ages

platoons, and bring the company into line facing me."

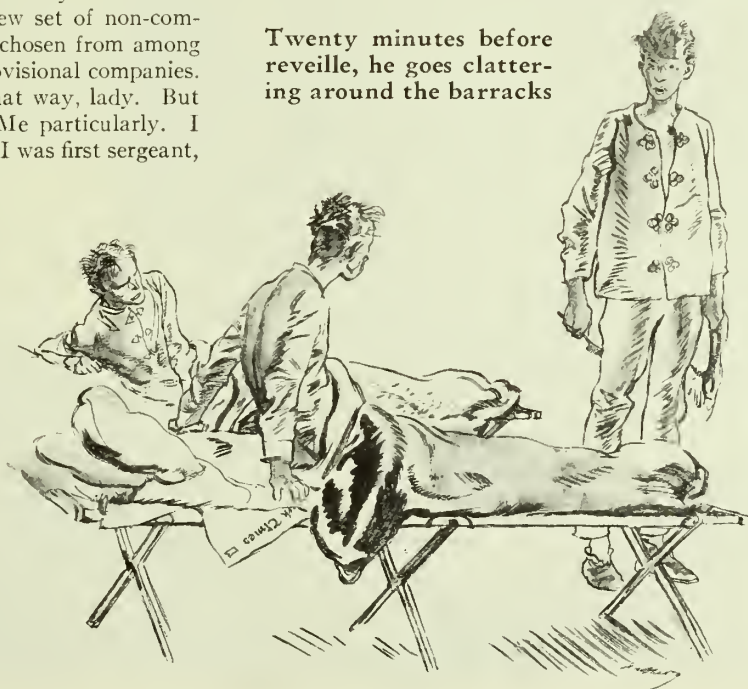
Now all the time the lad on the hot seat was doping out what to do, and giving the command, "Platoons column right, march!" there would be a running fire of comment from the ranks, "Platoons column left," or, "Column of squads by the right flank." The lad that was giving the commands had no authority to bawl out, or to command silence. He was just there to show that he knew how to get an outfit from column of squads into line of platoons, or what have you. What had all this to do with fighting the Germans, lady? Well, it didn't have anything. But now, listen. It's my firm and solemn belief, that at that time no one in authority intended that we should ever fight any Germans. They were just going to kind of make a gesture about raising an army, and let the thing go at that.

Well, I was laying for my chance to be first sergeant, see? There was a particularly low type of person, a pampered son of wealth, a chinless wonder, that the boys in the company had dubbed Trinket. Lady, there are some guys that are just *wrong*, and he was one. He was a snooper, too, a first lieutenant. He couldn't command a detail of two men to police up around a tent. He had the outfit at retreat, one night, and instead of commanding "Present Arms" when The Star Spangled Banner was played, he commanded "Inspection Arms." The company executed it, too, and he looked at them open-mouthed in horror.

They were bright boys, those candidates, merry men, as it were, and they didn't like Trinket. His panic-stricken gaze happened to light on me, and I guess he didn't like my expression. Anyway, he camped on my trail forever afterward. Not that it bothered me. Trinket had the company one day and gave the wrong command. The company went right up on the officers' front porch, marking time like the hammers of hell. Trinket threw down his rifle and ran home, and jumped into his bunk and pulled the pillows over his head, so I figured any black marks Trinket gave me wouldn't count for very much. When I was first sergeant I was going to put him in his place.

We had a large percentage of crazy men from a certain large eastern university noted for the accent of its graduates, and these peculiar people had to get up every morning and take a bath before reveille. Well, there wasn't any water, as I said, but they'd get up just the same, and clump around the sounding shacks, and shout to each other out the windows. Trinket was one of 'em. Gee, he used to annoy me. Lady, there is nothing makes an old soldier madder than some-

Twenty minutes before reveille, he goes clattering around the barracks





# The REDS LOOK to YOUTH

by  
FREDERICK PALMER

**W**HEN we think of Reds we think of Communists. Are the Socialists only pink?

I had the answer to the eye at the joint Socialist-Communist meeting which packed Madison Square Garden, New York City, from floor to roof last Thanksgiving eve.

Not a single American flag was in sight. The American flag stands for the system the Reds would overthrow.

I had the answer to the ear in the thunderous acclaim of twenty thousand men and women as the red flags were marched up the aisles and massed behind the speakers' platform.

The thanks given that night was to the Soviet mother; the passionate salute to the standard which the army of Soviet Russia salutes, to the crimson banner of world revolution.

Earl Browder, chief of the Communist Party (American branch) was acting on orders from the recent Seventh Congress of the Communist International to line up his with other revolutionary groups for the united front in an all-Red coalition.

What is the difference in doctrine between communism and socialism?

Both draw their gospel from Karl Marx; and Marxism was Lenin's guide before it became Stalin's guide in the formation and rule of Soviet Russia. Communism may be said to apply to the common ownership of property—if you care to split hairs—and socialism to government control of all production.

One system carries the other with it. In the Russian revolution Lenin found that communism had a better sound than socialism to the peasants who wanted to share the land of the former landlords. Moscow now inclines to the word socialism in place of communism. This makes it easier to form the united front in America.

The following from the left-wing Socialists' draft of a program last October might have been written by Browder:

"The Socialist Party will not be satisfied with patching up the present out-worn and decaying social order . . . It is the revolutionary party of the workers . . . The class struggle will grow more intense . . . eliminating private ownership."

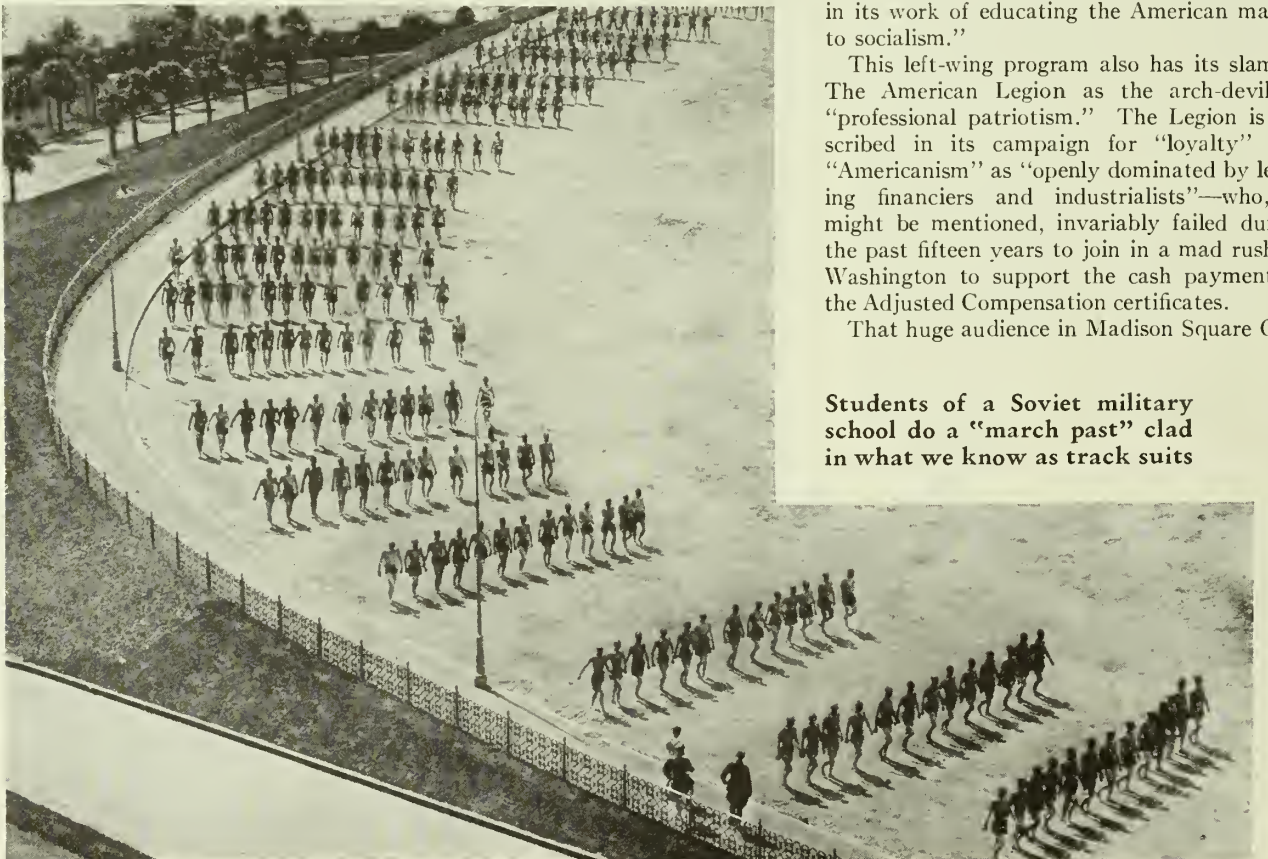
Mainly the difference between the two parties is that the American Communist Party takes its orders direct from Moscow and the American Socialist Party does not. But this is in the left-wing program:

"The Socialist Party will defend the Soviet Union from all capitalist attacks. It will follow developments in the Soviet Union in order to profit by the experience gained in the building of socialism and will utilize its achievements in its work of educating the American masses to socialism."

This left-wing program also has its slam at The American Legion as the arch-devil of "professional patriotism." The Legion is described in its campaign for "loyalty" and "Americanism" as "openly dominated by leading financiers and industrialists"—who, it might be mentioned, invariably failed during the past fifteen years to join in a mad rush to Washington to support the cash payment of the Adjusted Compensation certificates.

That huge audience in Madison Square Gar-

Students of a Soviet military school do a "march past" clad in what we know as track suits







Comrades of the red army, shaved heads and near shaved heads, at mess. One of the waitresses goes Hollywood and faces the camera

den made a mass impression of united enthusiasm, but after all, it represented only twenty thousand of New York City's five millions. The rest were going their ways, generally unaware that the Reds were putting on a big show. They would have been interested only if there had been a riot among the two factions which would have called out the police reserves.

The meeting was orderly. All present had paid for their seats, which is not usual at political meetings. It was a great historical occasion, worth the price to all. At its close, as they faced the massed red flags, the 20,000 sang the International of red revolution, booming its chorus:

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place!  
The International Soviet  
Shall be the human race.

They did not consider that the measure of their strength could be judged by the figures of the 1932 election. They were sure that 1936 would witness a far greater advance over 1932 than 1932 over 1928. In 1928 Thomas, Socialist, received 246,420 votes and Foster, for the Workers Party, 48,770 out of a total of 36,879,414; and in 1932 Thomas 884,871 and Foster, for the Communist Party, 102,091 out of a total of 39,816,522.

The ratio to the whole vote would be small if the two parties received double or even treble the 1932 vote next November. But they would not regard that as a measure of their strength in prepara-

tion for the revolution, especially the Communists would not in the ratio of their vote to the Socialists.

Theirs is the concentrated and disciplined party. As the orthodox disciples of Moscow they have the much-heralded success of the Russian five-year plan in their favor, they think.

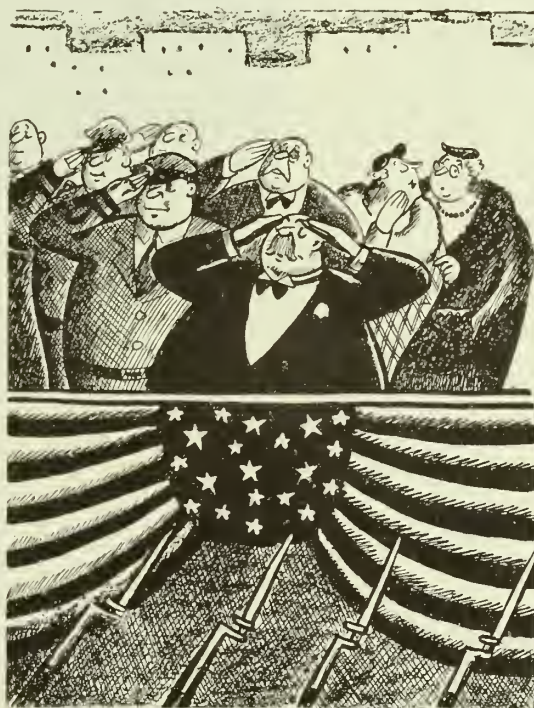
The socialist *Call*, which sponsored the Garden meeting, is a small weekly which hopes to be a daily. The *Daily Worker*, with its \$60,000 expansion fund oversubscribed, has started a Sunday edition which will have its own communist funnies at the expense of the bourgeoisie and the present ruling class. Dues-paying members of the American Communist Party rose from 9,000 in 1931 and 14,000 in 1932 to 35,000 at the turn of the year 1936, according to party chiefs.

That is not a large number, but the chiefs say that they estimate that about 700,000 Americans are communist-minded. Or call it socialist-minded, if you prefer.

That touches the real danger. In the red lingo it brings us to "gradualism" in developing "dialectic materialism."

Norman Thomas said at the Garden meeting that he believed in parliamentarism—that is, the representative elective system. He differed with Browder, who believes in the dictatorship of the proletariat.

But I read that the left-wing Socialist program favored participating in elections only as a means to an end. It was against the parliamentary system as the "direct (Continued on page 50)



Satire in the *Daily Worker*, New York's organ of the Reds. One of the women is saying, "He's VERY patriotic"



# They MEAN WELL,

BY

Clarence DeMar

Cartoons by  
Art Helfant

**W**HEN marathon races were first proposed in the nineties, just before the days of the automobile, grave doubts were expressed as to whether anyone could run that far. After nearly forty years of the sport, with annual races in Washington, Philadelphia, Port Chester, Boston and other places, with sometimes an entry list of more than 200 in one race, the marathon today is firmly established as one of the facts of sport life. Unlike other running events the marathon is a child of the Olympic Games, having been popularized in the first of these, at Athens in 1896. And I venture to say that if an American wins at Berlin this summer he will become, temporarily at least, the most popular man in the United States.

The first thought of many people is naturally the distance. "The poor men ought to sleep a week!" exclaimed an old lady seeing the pack at the half-way point. Over in Coblenz in 1919, a soldier from Georgia hearing I was a runner, asked me how far I could run. When I told him 25 miles he had me branded as a colossal liar for several days. However, most people know that with preparation the distance of a marathon, a little more than twenty-six miles, is within the endurance of normal men.

Other people, particularly youngsters, will say, "It must be very hard to understand all the technique of running—the stride, form, pace and general care are things we need coaches to teach." Practically, however, it is more frequently the irregularly trained "dark horse" or free lance who wins marathons, to the confusion of dopesters and trainers. The winner of a marathon is, of course, the one who gets there first on his two legs, not any dead, dumb quibbler over trivialities. Running is a natural sport.

Many would think, even if they didn't say it, that there is an unusual call for self-denial in the marathon game. How about beer, cigarettes, eats and sleep, they ask. Don't you have to deny yourself the things so many people enjoy? However, half the runners smoke and most of them like their beer, especially after perspiring in a hard race. Anything said against these minor indulgences in connection with marathoning would have to be over a long period of time and not for just a few years. As to diet, there are no outstanding runners as yet recommending any especial change from normal. They do not agree that a greater than usual amount of sleep is necessary for success, although most of them think

Three miles  
with a shoe  
dangling to  
the sock



Legionnaire Clarence DeMar leading the pack home in one of the annual Boston marathons, to be run this year on April 20th. He's won that race seven times, holds a lifetime record of competing in sixty-two marathons, placing first in twenty of them, in competition has jogged 10,000 miles, and at nearly fifty is still a great runner

so. So also hard artificial living as practised by the Spartans in history, and the Nazis at present, does not apply to American marathoning.

What then is the big difficulty in marathon running, if it is not the distance, the technique or the self-denial? If you have ever watched and studied the words and actions of athletic fans you may be able to guess it. The biggest obstacle to overcome in marathoning is the meddlesomeness of non-runners. Here are just a few illustrations:

As a runner approaches the start of a big marathon he will be waylaid by a lot of normal and semi-moron fans who will say they wish him luck, but who will want autographs. It uses a little nervous energy to sign autographs and if a race is close any man may need every fraction of one percent he has. The late Will Rogers said that Russia had no autograph



# But —

seekers and hence there was great hope for the Soviet. It might be a relief to run a marathon there.

After a race has gotten under way, the runners, especially if they are well-known, will be harassed by bicyclists and autoists, to say nothing of rabid fans who are afoot. What marathon race, aside from Olympic contests, was ever run without a horde of boy cyclists! Police may give adequate protection to the leaders, but not to the majority. These bicycles are not only an obstruction but also a liability for collision. In the Boston marathon in 1923 an auto hit a bicycle, which bounced and hit the writer, pulling his shoe off. There were three miles to go and what a strain it was to run that distance with one shoe hanging to a sock by a safety pin! I have found the best solution of getting rid of small boys on bicycles to be not coaxing, threatening or swearing, but a little praise to a policeman who may make a

**"Great work, officer!" is good insurance against pedestrian annoyance**

gesture of putting one or two out of the way. "Great work, officer!" from a well-known athlete, will cause a swelling of the cop's chest, and off the course goes the whole pack of boys until the next cross-road.

Rabid fans and supporters in autos are a great source of annoyance. In a ten-mile run the writer was having a hard time of it with a young runner. Suddenly, three of the young man's friends arrived on the scene in an old car with cigarettes in their mouths and lack of brains in their heads. At once they began, "Come on, Jack! We're doing fine! We can beat that old guy! Take this side of the road!" And so on. At once I knew I could beat Jack, and proceeded to do so. His supporters were doing at least four things to help me. First, they were distracting

**Their loud rooting for him distracted the young runner and he lost the race**

They'll slap you on the chest to show they're for you



him. If working at anything with all one's might, whether it is industrial, mechanical, mental or physical, who can do his best with his concentration being continually broken? Thomas Edison is reported to have refused an operation to restore his hearing as he could accomplish more without the distraction of hearing the chattering of people about nothing.

Second, these "friends" were using the runner's energy to listen to them. A little consideration will cause many people to agree that it takes more energy to listen than it does to talk. Third, they were making Jack conscious of the natural process of running, which he could do better unconsciously. To make this point clearer, who could eat his meals as well with fans hollering: "Chew, chew, chew, chew"? What woman can walk as well if the gang on the corner pass remarks on her carriage as she goes by?

And for another thing, the riders in the auto were antagonizing their protege. When one does his best at anything, who wants to be urged to do more? If, for instance, a person should give all he had in a church collection and the usher should yell: "Come on, shell out more!" he would feel like the runner who is urged to "step on it."

So fans, in autos or elsewhere, can spoil a runner's concentration, use his energy, make him conscious of what he could do better unconsciously, and antagonize him so he will not want to win.

Many of us can think of cases where this has been so. In the 1926 National Championship at Baltimore the race was between Michelson and myself. A gang was with him in an auto, so I felt sure of winning. Which I did. This is not discrediting the gang's sportsmanship, for they cheerfully supplied me with water throughout the race. But if they wanted Michelson to win they should have also given me the advice and urging, which they reserved for him.

In one of the Port Chester marathons a fellow named Sam Richman and I were racing up through

(Continued on page 43)



art  
helfant



# THEIR BIG

*HEREWITH is presented the sixth and final installment of prize-winning entries in The American Legion Monthly's Big Moment Contest, which was inaugurated in the November, 1935, issue*

*\$100 Prize*  
**TOLL OF THE DEEP**

SUMMER, 1918, found me an observer with a Yankee balloon crew aboard a British ship, (probably the only such outfit to serve under and with the British Navy). Our work, sub patrolling, required keeping our bag aloft during visibility hours. Our routine along the west coast of Ireland required seven days. It was necessary to re-inflate our balloon daily to compensate for gas loss, keeping it at maximum buoyancy.

On the patrol my story has particularly to do with, heavy weather compelled us to forego regular inflation, with consequent balloon flabbiness resulting. Our ship, the *Springlock*, never adequately seaworthy, had eventually to make its best course to the increased hazard of ballooning.

Scheduled that day for a dawn flight with my pilot, Lieutenant Charles Reed, our depleted bag lacking essential buoyancy refused to rise with its double load and after near catastrophe, Lieutenant Reed ordered me on deck, electing to carry on alone. Hurricane winds necessitated his remaining aloft throughout the day, when finally Reed in dire straits signaled to bring him down.

The descending balloon yawing crazily on the shortening cable despite our frenzied efforts, with our ship steering off course for a balloon change, eventually plunged into a mountainous sea. The submerged basket released its occupant and we saw the parachute of Reed pull out from its container to follow his body down, his shroud rather than life preserver. In usual circumstances, I too would have shared a like fate.—ED. MALONE, *Twenty-nine Palms, California.*

*\$50 Prize*  
**THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE**

ON JULY 4, 1918, the U. S. S. *L-8* was cruising along at an eighty-foot depth in mid-Atlantic on patrol. The listening device compensator had been haywire all morning and the radio man had been doing his best to make repairs. Being in charge of the eight-to-twelve diving watch I was somewhat concerned as we were operating absolutely blind and the danger of detection and attack from our own destroyers was ever present. Shortly after eleven o'clock the radio man reported the compensator O. K., also a high-speed propeller directly ahead and very close to our sub.

Orders were given to bring the boat to thirty feet. As the periscope cleared the surface the view was blocked by the huge

stern of a transport bound for France. Turning the periscope to the bow of the transport I realized that we had been seen; men were rushing around wearing life belts, the five-inch guns were swinging out and all the evidence of repelling a submarine attack was present. The ship was not over two hundred yards distant and headed directly for us but swinging hard to starboard to draw us into her screw current and propellers. The "Crash Dive" signal was given and every bit of power put on the screws to drive the boat under, but before we were able to get under, the five-inch shells were cracking the surface all around our submarine.

Finally, after what seemed a year, we slipped under and waited for the crack against the transport which it seemed only a miracle could prevent. Those few minutes were the longest of my life.





# MOMENTS

\$50 Prize

## OVERPOWERING A MADMAN

I rushed for him, striking him with my fist as he fired the third shot



Finally we felt a terrific vibration, the depth gauge indicated we were being driven down very fast. The depth was checked at 250 feet and we leveled off to give our hearts a chance to slow down. It then dawned on us that we had been directly under the propellers of the transport, the screw current being responsible for our sudden and fast dive to 250 feet. Half an hour later we came to the surface and in less than two minutes the five-inch shells started popping around us so under we went to more peaceful conditions. The transport was the *Von Steuben*, we found out later.—FRED W. FUNKE, *Oakland, California*.

AS A lawyer I was waiting for my case to be reached in the County Building, Chicago, on January 13 last, before Judge Prystalski, and intensely interested in hearing a case being argued by John W. Keogh. The judge refused Keogh's motion. Keogh without warning suddenly pointed an automatic pistol and shot Major Christopher Kinney dead, the bullet passing through his heart. Suddenly he pointed the weapon at Judge Prystalski, took careful aim at his heart and fired. The judge had sat frozen for a moment, his eye on the gun, but moved just before Keogh fired. The bullet went through the judge's chair as the judge ducked under the bench. I glanced to the rear of court room. Panic reigned, people under benches, others jumping over tables and chairs, still others running out. I glanced at Keogh, a few feet away. I rushed for him, striking him with my fist as he fired his third shot. Down he went. The bullet went through the top of the bench and as he fell forward another bullet went wild through the clerk's desk. He dropped his gun.

The coroner's verdict commended me for heroism in disarming Keogh. Three bullets remained in his gun, besides two extra clips on his person. When members of my Legion post passed a resolution a few days later commending my bravery and the saving of lives and ordered it spread on the minutes of the post, I received my greatest thrill.—JACOB LEGION TENNY, *Chicago, Illinois*.

\$25 Prize

## THERE WAS TIME

THE law permitting citizenship to aliens who had served in the Army expired at noon next day. Reading this in an afternoon paper I applied at the immigration office, receiving scant courtesy from the officer there. "No time," he said. "Must have two citizens to swear eligibility, photographs and your service papers. No use wasting papers on you."

My pride rose—professionally and as a Briton.

Not then a Legionnaire, I looked him in the eye, saying, "You'll give me those papers or I'll send The American Legion for them."

I got the papers—marched out in wrath—up to a traffic policeman. "Where," I demanded majestically, "is an American Legion post?"

Rather startled, he directed me to a Legion unemployment bureau. They sent me to their Americanization chairman.

He explained the papers to me but said gently, "I don't think you have time myself."

Stores were shut. With the help of providence and a telephone book, I found a photographer willing to work before breakfast. Afterwards I collected the finished pictures—two witnesses—



service papers from the bank—made several wild auto trips from the immigration to the marshal's office, to the courthouse, and finally just as the strokes of twelve sounded I was handed my citizenship papers at the post office.

Returning to the immigration officer I announced, "You see the British aren't so slow after all."

But within I said, "It was the Legion's help that did it."—MISS ELSIE ARNOTT, R. N., *Portland, Oregon.*

\$25 Prize  
HIS MEN KNEW HIM

**M**ARCH, 1918, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, 33d Division. Upon my return from the drill field as first sergeant, dismissing the company I returned to my tent to find this greeting on my desk: "Reduced to private—reason 'alien enemy' and transferred to non-combatant forces as machinist, Motor Truck Co. 340." Was this my reward by a great nation for services on the Mexican Border in 1916 to 1917? Was this my reward for training hundreds of Chicago's finest fighting men and re-enlisting against my mother country and becoming a first sergeant in the American Army, which I esteemed as the greatest honor that I could possess.

They broke me in rank but not in comradeship of my men and love for my adopted country, the United States of America, even though born under the colors of the Austro-Hungarian state of Croatia. Two weeks later I was called for dinner by Captain Tilman. The surprise of my life awaited me. Mess hall decorated, no mess kits but china dishes, a banquet in my honor by my comrades, presentation of a beautiful watch by Captain Tilman and the boys of Co. C, 108th Supply Train. I was called upon to speak but my emotion was too great as tears blinded me to see this honor bestowed by my American comrades and yet classified by my adopted country as an "alien enemy."—THOMAS BLAZINA, *Chicago, Illinois.*

\$25 Prize  
HE HAD TO BELIEVE THEM

**D**OWN the rope from the burning transport *Henderson* toward the destroyer *Jacob Jones* some distance away I slid, pack on back, rifle on shoulder—until I could go no further. Then hand under hand backward as far as I was able. Then came the cool words, "Throw yourself backward."

Throw myself backward? I glanced over my shoulder. Ye gods! All I had to do was to hurl myself, pack and rifle a seeming ten feet into waiting arms.

Only two miles to land, straight down! Could I rid myself of the rifle in the water? Could I get the pack off in the water? What in blazes had I brought them for? How could anyone by a snap of the wrists hurl 250

pounds of man and equipment through ten feet of space? Again the words, "Throw yourself backward; we will catch you."

The time had come. Ten feet or two miles. I hurled. My rifle sight struck a man's cheek (to whom a thousand apologies if he reads this) and brawny hands seized my shoulders. And was it a big moment as my dry heels came up over the sloping sides of the *Jacob Jones* to land at last on a solid deck? Draw your own conclusions.—RICHARD B. MILLIN, *Salt Lake City, Utah.*

\$25 Prize  
THE GENERAL OBLIGED

**O**N THE morning of July 28, 1918, my C. O. of the 166th Infantry gave orders to evacuate the Brigade Hq., as the Boches were shelling the château too heavily. My cook stove



Throw myself backward? Ye gods! It seemed impossible I'd be able to make it





"You'll give me those papers or I'll send The American Legion for them!"

was directly behind the château. I did not do as ordered, so Jerry dropped one of his G. I. cans on top of my range. The general asked where the kitchen was. Someone told him I had not left the château. He got mad and directed a court-martial. Several days later an orderly told me to report to headquarters. I found twenty other fellows there. They marched us down to a big field. I said to myself, "Well, I might as well be shot now as any time!" They lined us up. Up came a few autos. Out jumped eight or ten officers. They commenced to pin the D. S. C. on each one of us. When Pershing took me by the hand he said, "A cook! Well, that's the kind we need to make an army!"

I lost my cross at the Legion convention in Louisville. It took me almost a year to get it replaced. Last spring when the general was here in Columbus, inspecting the Pershing Rifles at the university, we entertained him at a banquet. After all was over I walked up to the general's table, saluted and said, "General, I would like a favor of you." I handed him my new cross, and he said, "I am proud to do this or any other favor you may ask." As he started to pin the cross on me he said, "Why didn't you bring this up before the banquet and we would have had a regular ceremony?"—H. C. RICKERT, *Columbus, Ohio*.

#### \$10 Prize THE ARM WORKED

I ENLISTED at the age of fourteen on August 7, 1917, with the Old Second North Carolina Infantry. After service with the Old Hickory in Belgium and in France I got mine, a bayonet wound, on September 29th and was taken prisoner by a German machine-gun outfit.

Among numerous wounds my worst consisted of a compound fracture of the upper third of the left arm and as a matter of fact about everything but the skin was shot out of this left arm at that point. After spending three years and undergoing twenty-three operations in the hospital I was discharged, having reached the best possible stage of surgical patching. My left arm was still a total loss to me.

In 1923 Dr. Alphonse H. Meyer, of Memphis, Tennessee, wrote me explaining an operation that was mechanically one hundred percent. Of course, mechanics and nature sometimes vary. However, on October 19, 1923, I submitted to an operation

by Dr. Meyer. He worked for four hours and fifteen minutes and then he put the hand in a plaster cast. After two months waiting he cut away the plaster cast and laid my hand down on a pillow, saying to me, "Arnold, to raise your left hand it will be necessary for you to make a mental effort to pull the left hand to your right. Now raise your left hand." *Believe me, when I made the effort the old left hand came up.*—F. L. ARNOLD, *Greenville, South Carolina*.

P. S. I am using the hand, which functions almost normally.

#### \$10 Prize PETER BELADO, SOLDIER AND HERO

MY BATTALION went over the top from the edge of Belleau Wood, across a bullet-swept field, through the village of Belleau and finally took up a position along the railroad embankment at the foot of the hills beyond Torcy and Belleau. During that night we dug in by squads, and at daybreak the next morning these positions were given a horrible blasting by a battery of 88's that was firing almost point-blank from the hill above us.

There were five of us in our trench when an 88 made a direct hit in the trench. Three of the boys were killed. I was cut up only a little but had been buried by dirt almost up to my armpits and was unable to free myself. Pete Belado had been badly hit and was bleeding freely from the mouth and also had one leg almost torn off, but he crawled over and went to work trying to free me. After several minutes he had with his bare hands loosened me enough so that I was able to twist free. Knowing that there was a first-aid station in Belleau about 600 yards away, I put a tourniquet around Pete's leg, picked him up and started for the first aid. We were knocked down several times by shell concussions. Pete spoke only once, saying, "Dave, ain't it a swell war?" Just a few minutes later and we were in the first-aid station. I laid Pete down and a doctor went into action, but stood up immediately, and turning to me said, "Sorry but this boy is dead."

That was my big moment for it scared into my soul the meaning of real comradeship, for although Pete was dying, he dug me out from what would have been my own grave—in an hour I would have bled to death myself.—DAVID H. BUNCH, *Seattle, Washington*. (Continued on page 36)

Illustrations  
by  
Frank Street





# Rainbow's End?

By  
J. Monroe  
Johnson

*Assistant Secretary of Commerce;  
War-time Commander, 117th  
Engineers, 42d Division*

**D**URING every crisis in the World War service of the 42d Division, a rainbow appeared in the sky. That is an extraordinary fact, one of those strange coincidences out of which men may make much or little according to their temperaments. Yet many a soldier of the 42d must have gained inspiration when he gazed up at that gorgeous spectacle of nature, the original of his divisional insignia.

During every one of the 42d's annual reunions since the war, a rainbow has spread its vivid arc across the heavens. While that is a less surprising phenomenon, since we hold our reunions in July, the month of rainbows, nobody can blame us for regarding it as highly appropriate.

As the rainbows vanish, so fade our fainter memories of the stirring scenes of 1917 and '18 in which we played a part. Thus it is good to know that the colors of the Rainbow Division are now to stand fast against time, that they are to be fixed forever on the pages of a history of the Division. It is a record which will be valued by every veteran of the 42d and which may be of interest to comrades who fought by our side—other American outfits as well as French and British. We have waited for it for many years.

The history, soon to be published, has been written by Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly, O.R.C., war-time colonel of our 149th Field Artillery and an author of note. The book's title is "Americans All; The Rainbow at War; 42d U. S. Infantry Division." It is both a dramatic and an accurate chronicle, the result of years of painstaking research. The author has drawn



March 1, 1918: Company D, 165th Infantry, going up into the lines at Bénaménil, in the Lunéville sector, passing poilus who have been relieved



June 24: Part of the 166th Infantry passing through Pogny-les-Baraques on their way to the Champagne front

upon the now voluminous literature of the war, upon our regimental histories already published, such as that of the 165th New York written by Father Duffy, its beloved chaplain, after the poet Joyce Kilmer, who began it, had been killed in action; also upon records of other Divisions, upon French and British sources, upon the field orders of commanding officers, maps and a mass of other data. Many who helped shape the destinies of



# NOT YET



**May 28: Funeral at Baccarat, Division Headquarters, of officers and men of the 168th Infantry who had died in a gas attack two nights earlier**



**December 3: The 151st Field Artillery crosses the frontier at Echternach, Luxembourg, to become part of the American Army of Occupation**

the Rainbow, from Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and General Pershing down through buck privates have been called on to contribute memories of episodes, major and minor, which might soon grow dim with the haze of years.

So much for the history, which will speak for itself. I shall take the liberty here of anticipating and of writing of moments in the Rainbow's career which may be of general interest to

readers of this magazine, beginning with the formation and naming of the Division. That is Secretary Baker's story and it is best told in his own words:

"General MacArthur suggested the formation of a composite National Guard Division and I sent for General Mann, Chief of Militia Divisions, to discover how practical the suggestion was. Our desire was to form a Division of the organizations which were surplus in the various States and group them together to form a Division in order that we might have a Division representative of as many States as possible. The formation of such a Division, of course, helped us to solve the problem of which State's soldiers should go first to France, as it represented many States. After General Mann, General MacArthur, and I had discussed the question and I had pointed out how the elements which General Mann had assembled reached clear across the country, General MacArthur said, 'Just like a rainbow.' At the conclusion of the conference, I appointed General Mann to command the Division and General MacArthur to be Chief of Staff. General MacArthur remembered the comment he had made and christened the Division the 'Rainbow Division.'" (General Mann was succeeded in the command of the Division by Generals Menoher, MacArthur, and Flagler.)

How well named the Rainbow was! Originally the Division was composed of National Guardsmen from twenty-seven States. Infantry and machine gun units from New York, Ohio, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Alabama, Iowa, and Georgia. Artillery, trench mortars, and ammunition train from Illinois, Indiana, Minne-

sota, Maryland, Kansas. Engineers from North and South Carolina and California. Field Signal Battalion (quite properly) from Missouri. A Texas supply train, Virginia military police, and a Louisiana headquarters troop. After replacement of our battle casualties had been made, probably every State in the Union was represented in the 42d.

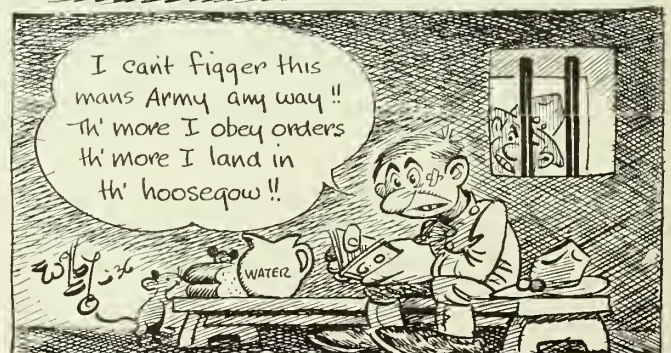
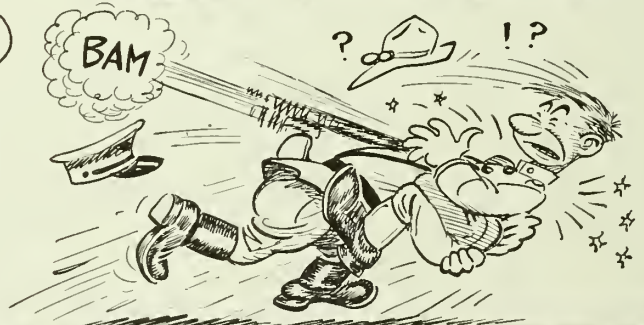
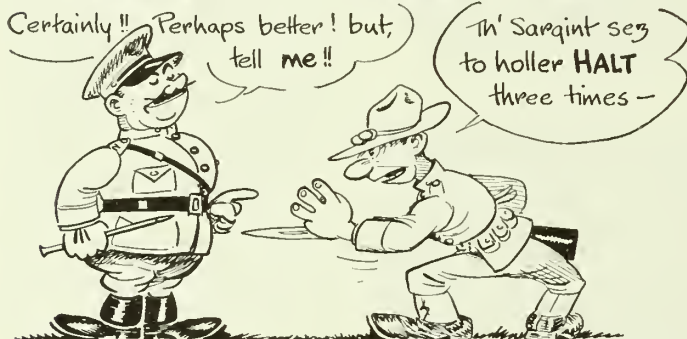
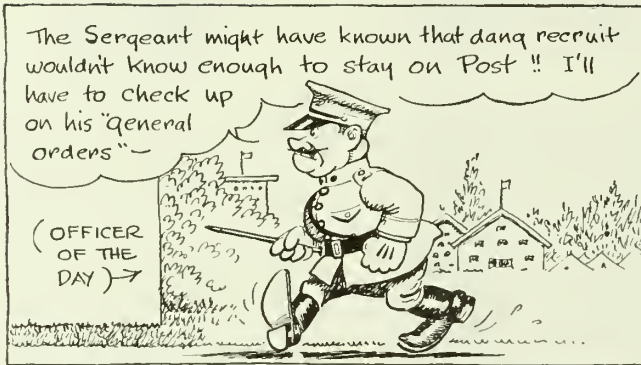
Certainly to us and, I believe, to the (Continued on page 48)



# HOOSEGOW HERMAN

*He Obeys Orders Again, As Usual*

BY WALLGREN





# PARALLEL ROADS TO PEACE

THE case for an adequate program of national defense can be summed up in one brief sentence:

*It is the best hope for the avoidance of war.*

And if someone offer the objection that this is phrasing the situation too negatively, let it be translated into positive terms:

*An adequate program of national defense is the best, the most nearly foolproof means for the preservation of peace.*

Prove it? It can't be done. The United States has never, in time of peace, maintained a defense system of sufficient scope to make the assembling of satisfactory data possible. But the principle can readily be proved in reverse:

*Lack of an adequate defense system has never kept the United States out of war.*

THE United States, from whatever statistical point of view it is compared to the other nations of the world (population, area, per capita wealth), hardly ranks as far down as seventeenth. Yet that is almost exactly where the United States stands in the numerical strength of its armed forces. Secretary of War Dern declares that we are "about on a par with such countries as Portugal and Greece." The National Defense Act of 1920—a far-seeing program based on the then recently acquired lessons of the World War—provided for a standing army of 280,000 men. The last Congress authorized an increase in our permanent armed forces from 118,000 to 165,000 men, but this figure had been cut to 150,000 before the passage by the House of Representatives of the recent War Department appropriation bill.

The Army's Chief of Staff, Major General Malin Craig, declared recently:

"It is perfectly evident to every one that troublous times have again arrived in the world. A state of war exists in Africa; Asia is resounding to the tramp of marching men." (Since then, revolution has broken out in South America, and recent excitement in Spain, to say nothing of the highly militarized status of Italy, definitely adds Europe to the list, leaving North America itself as the only continent that is able to offer a peaceful front to a war-stricken world.)

"These," adds General Craig, "are far from our shores. We do not see how they can possi-

bly concern us. Nevertheless, it is unwise to neglect the lessons of our experience."

England's defense budget for the current fiscal year approaches two-thirds of a billion dollars, and a far larger extraordinary defense appropriation will soon be offered in Parliament. France's military expenditures will be slightly larger. Germany's appropriations total more than a third of a billion, Italy's about the same, Japan's more than a quarter of a billion. Russia's outlay for its army comprises a tenth of its total budget. For military aviation alone the great powers spent or are spending during the fiscal year these amounts: Great Britain, \$145,930,500; France, \$194,354,087; Germany, \$84,769,000; Italy, \$116,404,250; Japan, \$182,304,000. The best available estimate for America's expenditures for its air force during the same period is \$47,507,440. Yet even if we were all set to proceed with an elaborate program of aerial defense, it would be a long time before we could count ourselves on a par with any of the great nations of Europe. Major General Frank M. Andrews, commanding officer of the G. H. Q. Air Force, declared following the recent maneuvers in Florida that even if large appropriations were available it would require at least two years to build and equip the planes.

All the above goes to show that, to put the case at its mildest, we are about as far from being a "militaristic" nation as we can statistically go. Certainly The American Legion would be the last stronghold that true militarism would be likely to capture—or to tackle. The Legion's sole concern with national defense, it is worth repeating, is the maintenance of peace, and peace can best be maintained—can only be maintained, in the last resort—by an adequate national defense.

The Legion couples with this desired program its insistence on the adoption of a parallel program to put not alone the nation's manpower, but its resources generally, at the government's disposal during a war emergency. Such a plan would kill profiteering at the source—and the potential profiteer is more to be feared than the militaristic swashbuckler. A universal service law would be a peace law. It would be a preparedness law. It would be a law based, like all law, on common justice and equity.



# *Today's Pennies Are* **TOMORROW'S DOLLARS**

*By John Lewis Smith*

*Chairman, National Finance Committee,  
The American Legion*

**Y**OU, as one of the 3,500,000 World War veterans who hold Adjusted Compensation Certificates, are going to be confronted very soon with a problem of personal finance. Each man who receives from Uncle Sam in June or July bonus bonds of any considerable value—whether they total \$500, \$1,000 or more than \$1,500—must figure out in his own mind just what use he can best make of them. So there probably will be 3,500,000 separate answers to this personal problem of finance.

If you are an average veteran, receiving \$1,000, less the deduction of your borrowed sum; if you are one of those lucky fellows who aren't obligated to use all their bonds to pay off their existing debts; if you haven't been utterly flattened by the depression and still have resources left from those better years—then, providing you have been endowed with a reasonable quota of financial horse sense, you're going to try to use your bonds as a lever for your future advantage. It all depends upon how you stand now, the nature of the obligations facing you urgently and your sober estimate of your prospects for the future.

If you don't have to spend immediately the money you can get from your bonus bonds, perhaps you can figure out a way to invest that money so that it will yield you in the future more than the three percent which Uncle Sam will pay you if you leave it with him. But investing money these days is a subject that has even the bankers stumped—and you may decide that the best thing to do is to hold on to the entire amount of your bonds and let the interest accumulate, while you have the comforting knowledge that the bonds are insurance against any future emergency and will always await your family if you are suddenly taken from them.

While this subject of personal finance is in everybody's mind, this is a good time for all of us to do some thinking about the long-range aspects of The American Legion's financial problem. When you decide what to do with your bonus money, you are going to be influenced somewhat by the realization that you are older than you once were. Well, The American Legion has been growing older along with you. While it is still in its prime, as you are, and while it is certain to enjoy at least ten more years of increasingly productive activity and public service, it has arrived at that stage in its own life where it can see the top of the hill and knows that beyond that top there is a downgrade. While you have been—we hope—holding on to your government insurance and buying a little more insurance besides, while you have been trying to save, your American Legion has been making its own provisions for the years when parades won't be so long or so sprightly.

You have a direct interest in all this, although you may not realize it. You are a stockholder in a corporation which carries on a wide range of activities, possesses more than a few millions

of dollars in cash and securities and owns buildings and other physical assets of great value.

I wonder if you realize all the ramifications involved in handling each year the large sum the Legion receives as dues and the additional large sums derived from other sources; the manner in which ways of spending money are determined and the provisions being made for the Legion's later years. I have been told, as chairman of the Legion's National Finance Committee, that very few members really understand just how the financial system of the Legion operates, and I am trying to give in this article a picture of that system which will be more understandable than the tables of figures and the statistics which are regularly issued in reports to National Conventions and meetings of the National Executive Committee.

The first thing you ought to remember is that there are at present approximately 850,000 stockholders of The American Legion—850,000 men who paid dues for 1935. The number has been as high as 1,050,000. That was in 1931 as the depression was deepening its shadow on the country. Now that we have clearer skies, we expect membership to climb above the million mark again in 1936. We expect it to stay above a million for another decade.

The main policies of your corporation are determined by two bodies, the National Convention and the National Executive Committee. The 1,200 or more delegates to the National Convention determine by their votes the activities and interests upon which the Legion shall spend its money and energy. They also elect your National Commander, National Vice Commanders and the National Chaplain. The National Executive Committee

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**Like the ant in the fable of the improvident grasshopper, The American Legion is not leaving its financial future to chance. In these vigorous years, it steadily builds up through investments and reserve funds the resources which must support it when it has grown old**

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is the Legion's governing body between conventions. It is composed of one member from each Department. Time and again all through the Legion's history it has been called upon to make judgment upon important questions which were not foreseen at the preceding National Convention. The two principal meetings

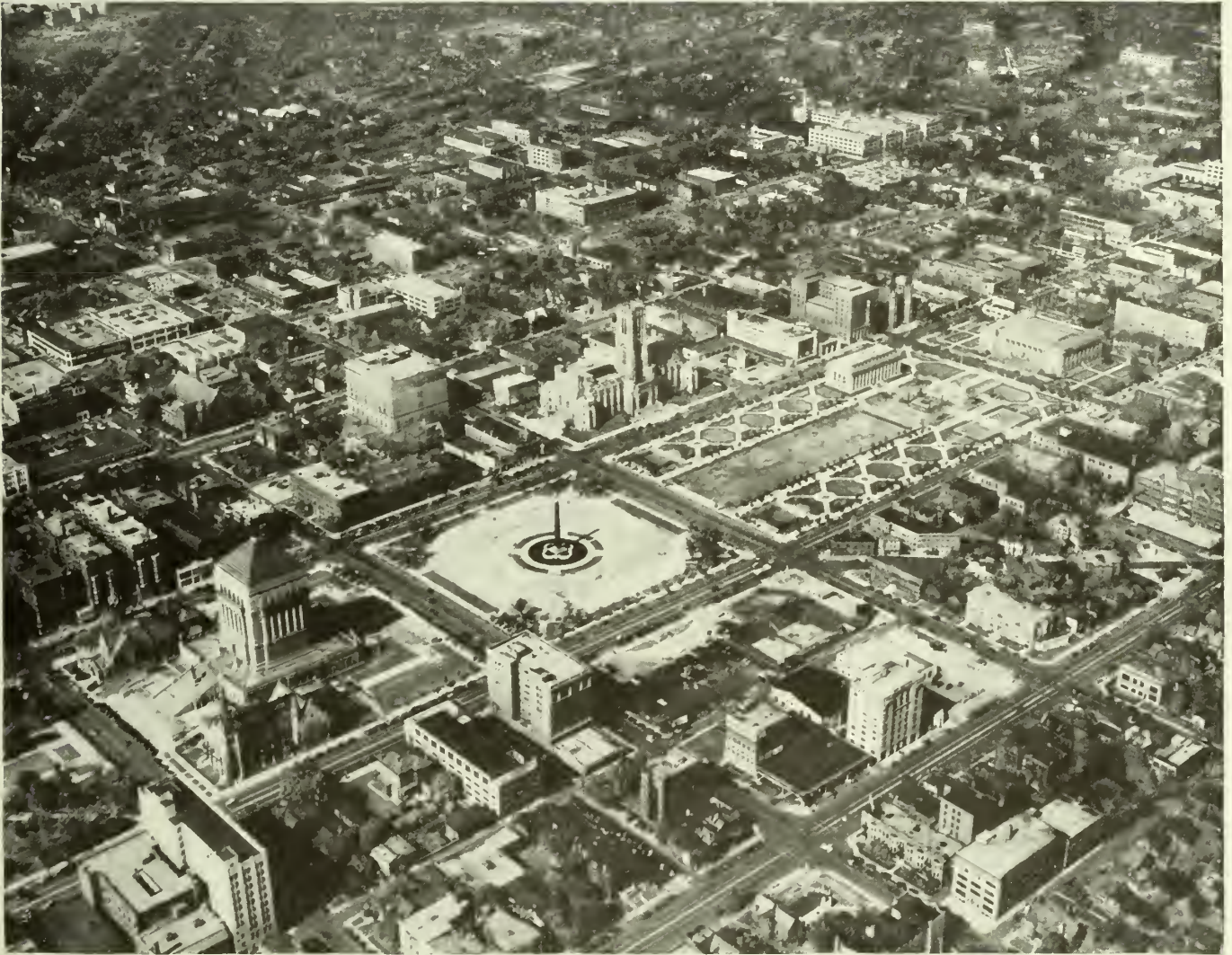


of the committee are in November and May, although other meetings are held immediately before and immediately after the National Convention, in the convention city.

The general offices of your corporation are at Indianapolis. There the Legion's National Headquarters occupies a four-story stone building of classic architecture which cost a million dollars. It is an imposing feature of a World War Memorial Plaza covering five blocks which was provided by the State of Indiana, the city of Indianapolis and Marion County at a cost of \$12,000,000. The Legion gets its building without charge of any sort. Were it to pay rent for it, an increase in national dues would probably be necessary. Indiana and Indianapolis are proud to possess the Legion's capitol. The Plaza and the Legion building, as well as

future should be. As I write, I have before me a Financial Statement prepared by J. R. Ruddick, National Treasurer, under date of January 10, 1936. The first thing I find in it is the "Statement of Financial Condition" as of November 30, 1935. That covers two pages side by side, one page headed Assets, the other headed Liabilities. At first glance, it resembles the familiar financial statement of banks which you have seen so often in newspaper advertisements. It has to be intricate. I won't deal with intricacies, but let's look at a few main items.

The first thing we note is that the Legion has on hand \$246,352.46 in actual cash. Next we see that the sum of \$43,646.40 is owed to the organization, in the form of notes and accounts and so on. There are other items: Merchandise of the Emblem



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other structures, represent the fulfilment of a pledge given at the First National Convention in Minneapolis when the Hoosier State and its capital competed with others for the honor of winning National Headquarters.

The National Commander is the president of your corporation. Elected by your representatives, the National Convention delegates, he carries out the instructions you have given him through the resolutions adopted by the National Convention. In his effort to carry out the National Convention mandates, he is assisted by your other representatives, the members of the National Executive Committee, who incidentally confirm the appointments of other national officials, including the National Adjutant, the National Treasurer and the National Judge Advocate.

Now, we may get down to my main topic—money, how much we have, where it comes from, how it is spent, what the financial

**The World War Memorial Plaza in Indianapolis. The Legion building in upper left corner of the Plaza is a center for 11,000 posts, and from it are conducted widespread investment activities**

Division, inventorying \$37,534; the Legion's office building in Washington, D. C., \$132,554.31; furniture and fixtures of the National Headquarters Building in Indianapolis and elsewhere, \$124,233.82, less \$89,364 as the reserve for depreciation; and the impressive sum of \$1,386,204.53 as invested funds. Altogether, the assets total \$2,144,148.72. Your American Legion is a substantial enterprise.

Now, let us consider the management of the Legion's money and other assets, the provisions for the wise and economical spending of money received from dues and investments and the provision which insures that the organization will not only live within its means but build up in this period of the Legion's prime the surplus which will support it later on when deaths begin to cause a gradual dwindling of membership.

The National Finance Committee is more than the watchdog of the treasury. It is a planning (Continued on page 46)



# WHERE *the* HEART IS

**T**HE blue and gold emblem of The American Legion glows from lamps on each side of the iron-bound doors of the clubhouse of Samuel H. Young Post in the upper vastness of New York City's Bronx. Above the double doors an inscription proclaims that the building is Carl O. Johnson Memorial Hall.

The friendly glow of the twin lamps flanking the double doors is succeeded by a flood of warmth and light from within, as the doors open, and you see a great expanse of polished floor, a high arched roof, paneled walls and side balconies of natural wood. It is a huge building, large enough for an armory.

If you happen to drop in early on the second or fourth Tuesday of any month—regular meeting nights—the chances are you'll find a basketball game going on between teams whose disparity strikes you immediately. The members of one of the teams are big and rugged, a bit portly, and you glimpse graying hair and patches of bare scalp reflecting the light from the lamps as the players leap and dash and pause for shots at the basket. The players of the other team are lithe and agile, and they have unmistakably the flash of youth. You are looking upon the team of Samuel H. Young Post and the team of the post's squadron of the Sons of The American Legion. It is pretty much a fathers-and-sons affair in basketball in the post right along. And while the post's team sets its heart on capturing the American Legion basketball championship of the Bronx, the boys like nothing better than to humble occasionally their elders' pride.

In a hall, off the big auditorium and connecting it with a social room behind, hangs an oil painting of a man in the wartime uniform of the Marines, and the visitor once more reads beneath the picture the name of Carl O. Johnson. One senses that this building, a community center for a big neighborhood, is pervaded by the spirit of the man who looks out from the picture frame. It is as if Carl O. Johnson, dead now a dozen years, were still present in this home which his thoughtfulness has

Maybe this old 1918 "trench coat" did shrink a bit at that—in spite of the guarantee !!



**When Ex-Marine Carl O. Johnson died twelve years ago, he willed to Samuel H. Young Post of New York City more than \$10,000, which has provided a clubhouse honoring his memory. Basketball is Number 1 sport in the big auditorium of the clubhouse**

provided for the friends of his boyhood and his comrades of war days. Home is where the heart is, said an old Roman philosopher, and you feel at first sight that here is a Legion home blessed by heart ties and memories.

Post Commander Ernest Pratt, full of the natural pride of Legion accomplishment, tells you how this big hall became the post's home last year as the result of the post's faithfulness in carrying out the last wishes of one of its earliest members.

Carl O. Johnson fought with the Fifth Marines at Belleau Wood and in its later battles in the A. E. F. He had grown up in the section of the Bronx about Westchester Square, up toward Pelham Bay, and he returned to it after his discharge from service. He joined Samuel H. Young Post, composed of men of all branches of service, most of whom he had known in his boyhood. Those were stirring days in the Legion's early history, and Johnson figured in everything the post did. In 1923 he found his war-weakened body failing him. To the Veterans Hospital at Saranac Lake he went, in the hope of regaining his health. But



**American Legion posts of Cuba City and Platteville, Wisconsin, conducted the funeral of Floyd Dent, his wife and five children, all burned to death in their home following an explosion. Dent, a service man, died heroically trying to save his family**

his hope was vain. In 1924 he sent word back to Edgar Larson, fellow post member and his lifelong friend, that he knew he would die soon. He asked Larson to come to see him at the hospital, and in his presence prepared his will.

Johnson was buried in St. Peter's Cemetery, after a funeral conducted by the post with the American Legion ceremonial. His will revealed that he had named the post as residuary legatee of his estate. After other bequests had been met, the post received between \$11,000 and \$12,000. It resolved to keep this sum as the nucleus of a clubhouse fund.

During the boom years the trustees of the post guarded the fund conservatively. Intact in savings banks and in government bonds, it provided the post with substantial income needed for welfare activities. When the bottom fell out of things in 1929, and investments of other characters were vanishing on every hand, the post saw with satisfaction that its own heritage was weathering the storm.

Last year came the favorable opportunity to buy the building which had in other times been the home of the Franklin Athletic Club. It stood at 1460 Blondell Avenue, sound of roof and wall. Those who had founded the club had now passed beyond the age of athletic activity. They had numbered many of the most prominent citizens of the section.

After remodeling the building, the post dedicated it as its home on last Armistice Day after a parade of several miles and ceremonies attended by many public officials. Since that time the post has entertained at meetings many other posts of the Bronx.



basketball, handball and other sports in the auditorium. The building is often opened to other organizations and has become a center for a wide neighborhood.

Samuel H. Young Post's good fortune is a reminder of the fact that scores of other posts have obtained homes of their own through bequests, often from fathers or mothers of men who died in service. In many cities Legion posts have been given the deeds to family mansions as memorials to individuals. As the Legion itself grows older, and as posts demonstrate by public service their value as community resources, these memorial buildings will multiply.

### *Mutual Helpfulness*

**W**HILE seven coffins rested on the snow in Hillside Cemetery at Platteville, Wisconsin, the members of Cuba City and Platteville Posts of The American Legion and one thousand of their fellow citizens gathered to pay tribute to a World War veteran who gave his own life in the effort to save his wife and five children from death by fire which followed an explosion.

Floyd Dent was the hero of an early-morning tragedy which shocked and grieved two towns. When flames spread quickly through his home after the explosion which followed an attempt to start a fire in a kitchen stove with kerosene, Dent battled to save his wife and children, who were trapped behind a jammed door. The children who died ranged in age from three to fourteen.

Taking charge immediately after the tragedy, the American Legion posts carried out all the funeral arrangements. Before the Legion ceremonies in the cemetery a service was conducted in the Platteville Memorial Building. Scott A. Cairy of Platteville Post delivered an inspiring eulogy.

### *Everyday Legion Service*

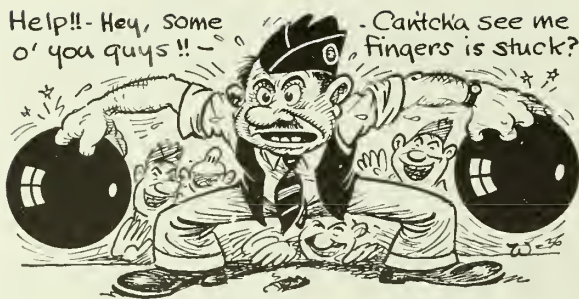
**A**LTHOUGH the name of U. S. S. Jacob Jones Post of The American Legion has become widely known in Washington, D. C., for the leading part it has taken in every American Legion activity, the post, composed of women World War veterans, is particularly proud of one of its activities which is little known in its own community. Regularly once or more often each month, members meet at a Red Cross chapter house to shellac pages of Braille, so that the blind residents of the District of Columbia may have available



**Youth and speed versus weight and wisdom. A sons' team is always ready to meet their oldsters in Samuel H. Young Post's memorial clubhouse in the Bronx, New York City**

Its basketball and bowling teams have brought new interest in post affairs, and games feature almost every meeting night. The Auxiliary has a room of its own. After school hours, boys play





an increasing number of books. As many as 685 pages have been shellacked in a single month. The post's employment officer has helped many service women get work during recent difficult years, and the service and welfare committee has assisted many needy families. The post arranges for visits to all its members who are sick in hospitals or in their own homes.

### *Thumbs Down on Lotteries*

THE American Legion is on record as opposing Legion participation in lotteries and other enterprises which are illegal under the statutes of many States. National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel, in a bulletin to all Departments, recently called attention to a resolution adopted by the 1932 National Convention in Portland, Oregon, which forbids the transportation of lottery tickets from posts of one Department to posts of another Department and confers upon national officers and the National Executive Committee the authority to discipline posts or Departments violating this policy. Mr. Samuel issued this reminder after inquiries had been received from all parts of the country regarding a number of solicitation enterprises for which tickets had been distributed among Legion posts.

"It is suggested," wrote Mr. Samuel, "that all Legion Departments or posts receiving such books or tickets, either return them to their source, or make certain that there is no conflict with state laws, before engaging in the purchase or sale of same."

### *Taps at Sundown*

EVERY Sunday evening at sundown Taps echoes from the village green at Liverpool, New York, and at sundown on Sunday and every other day the flag which floats from the flagpole on the green is lowered reverently by a Boy Scout. Under a year-round program arranged by Liverpool Post of The American Legion, Bugler Clifford Wright of the Boy Scout troop sponsored by the post blows Taps as a part of each Sunday evening ceremony. Boy Scouts take turns lowering the flag on weekdays, each member serving for a week at a time.

### *Fourteen Below Zero*

THE thermometer showed 14 degrees below zero but the boys and girls of Gary, Indiana, made an Eskimo field day out of the Lake County Steel Skates, the

ice carnival sponsored jointly by Gary Memorial Post of The American Legion and the *Post-Tribune* of that city.

"It was our first skating venture," writes James F. Pace, chairman of the post Americanism Committee, "but it went over so well that we shall certainly give it every year hereafter. All the youngsters of the county are still talking about it, and the medal winners are mighty proud of their honors."

### *Easter Egg Hunts*

IF YOUR post wants to know how many boys and girls there are in your town, you can follow the example set last year by Royal P. Steinbacher Post of South Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and the many hundreds of other posts which conducted Easter egg hunts on Easter Sunday. Post Adjutant O. E. Bender of the Pennsylvania post has sent along some photographs showing various sectors of the hunting front when 5,000 children turned out excitedly in their new Easter clothes to hunt for 44,000 colored eggs which the post had hidden on a picnic ground.

Children began to line up at 11 o'clock, three hours before the time announced for the hunt, Mr. Bender relates. At 2 P. M., when the starting signal was given, the children dashed from the starting lines with a mighty shout and spread over a tract of tall grass a half mile long. Four hundred prize eggs were among the thousands of vari-colored ones which went into the hunters' baskets. Children were divided into three classes, those between three and five, between five and nine, and from nine to fourteen. The hunt was given for children of both Williamsport and South Williamsport, having a population of 50,000.

Typical of the many hundreds of American Legion hunts elsewhere was one conducted in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, under



**At sundown each Sunday a Boy Scout bugler sounds Taps as the flag is lowered on the village green at Liverpool, New York**





**All set to go when the whistle blows! Thousands of boys and girls line up to hunt for the 44,000 Easter eggs which Royal P. Steinbacher Post has hidden on a mountain slope at South Williamsport, Pennsylvania**

the auspices of Yeomanette Post and Frank L. Shaw, the city's mayor. Myrtle Wilson Kinsey, Past Commander, reports that 300 children from orphanages and hospitals were made happy not only by the search for the brightly-colored eggs but also by a program rendered by a sixty-six-piece hill-billy band, clowns, magicians and trick dogs. Before the egg hunt the post delivered 500 Easter baskets to children in the hospitals who were unable to attend the hunt.

Other posts which reported rare success with Easter egg hunts include Birmingham (Alabama) Post, Rock Island (Illinois) Post, Albany (Georgia) Post, Charles Bloce Post, Columbus, Ohio; Homewood (Illinois) Post, Dickey Springer Post of Alamosa, Colorado; Marion County Post, Ocala, Florida, and Donerson-Hawkins Post, New Bern, North Carolina.

### *Kite Flying Time*

THE winds of spring are again sweeping over the Middle West, which believes that nature treats it annually to more and stronger zephyrs than are given to the rest of the country, and O. B. Nelson Post of Ottumwa, Iowa, may be counted upon to rally the boys of its community for another kite flying contest. Last year's contest, judging from word sent by Legionnaire Glenn H. Osborne, mechanical drawing instructor of Ottumwa high school, was a big affair. For an outlay of less than \$10 the post was able to line up 500 boys in the program to make and fly kites, and 150 took part in the grand finale at which prizes were awarded both on construction and performance. Classes included the biggest and smallest kites, the best decorated kite, most novel kite, and bird,

animal or insect kites. One thousand persons attended the contest, held at an airport. Any post wanting details on how to conduct a contest may have them by sending a stamped envelope to Mr. Osborne. Why not do it before your next meeting?



### *From the Legion's Cradle*

"IT WAS Tuesday, September 24, 1935, the day of the great national convention parade of The American Legion at St. Louis," writes E. J. Dannacher. "For eight hours the Legion had marched in colorful array. But now twilight was descending, and the steady sound of marching feet, the roll of drums and the blare of trumpets were becoming monotonous, even to the most enthusiastic spectator. Tired faces were anxiously waiting for the last marching body. At last they came—a body of seventy-five men preceded by a 20-piece band. As the colors went by, one could read the name, "Union Electric Light and Power Company Post."

This was the national debut of a post which, though the youngest in the Legion, was proud of the ties which bound it to the Legion's very earliest days. For it was born, Mr. Dannacher, its Adjutant, adds, in the building in which the Legion itself was born. Organized just before the convention, it would insure future recognition of its home as a Legion shrine.

The St. Louis Caucus was held in the old Shubert Theater at the corner of Twelfth and Locust Streets, in May of 1919. At that time the Union Electric Light and Power Company shared the building with the theater. In 1926 the building was remodeled, the theater moved elsewhere and the electric company occupied the entire building. Those who (Continued on page 59)





# From *a* GRANDSTAND SEAT

**E**VEN Balloonists Now and Then Came to Earth, As Shown Above. Alongside, a Made-in-Germany Drachen Kite Balloon, the Corps' Only Equipment When We Entered the War



**F**RONT-ROW seats—that's what they always said the infantry had during the war. That's true, and besides sitting at the edge of the stage, they often joined in as actors. But their view wasn't any too good, considering their locations were in what the English might call the "pit." The men who really saw things were those fellows who occupied seats high up in the grandstand—the soldiers in the Balloon Corps, which might be described as the stationary section of the Air Service.

We saw many of those bulky bags, with their grotesque elephant ears and trunks (which, by the way, were stabilizers for the balloons), floating majestically above our lines, or, after a visit from an enemy plane, dropping in flames. Similar balloons over the enemy positions gave a distinct sense of discomfort. Several times we came across the ground camp of one of our bal-

loon companies, but never had time to stop and learn anything about the job that branch of service had to perform.

During the past few years, though, that condition has been corrected. The gasbag veterans have come to life and we're learning a lot. Craig S. Herbert of Philadelphia knows his balloons, and it is from him that we got the two pictures we display and a fund of information of which we can share only a little with you. The larger picture, Herbert tells us, shows a balloon company moving up in the Argonne, the winch truck on the right pulling the balloon; the other picture is that of a Drachen kite balloon, made in Germany, and the only observa-

tion balloon our country owned when we entered the war. This latter picture was taken at the balloon school at Fort Omaha, Nebraska.

Now for some of the story





which Legionnaire Herbert supplied:

Major Albert Bond Lambert of St. Louis, now a Police Commissioner in that city, is the father of the American Balloon Service of World War days. The major, a civilian balloon pilot when our country declared war, gathered two or three fellow-balloonists together and enlisted their voluntary services to act as instructors. He raised a fund to buy two balloons and a gas supply, and rent a training field. A class of twelve volunteers, local college students, was graduated about May 15, 1917, and their services and equipment were offered to the War Department. This offer, referred to the Signal Corps, Aviation Section (fore-runner of our Air Service), was finally accepted. Lambert was commissioned a first lieutenant and instructed to enlarge the school and to proceed with additional classes.

Most of these first graduates were sent to the Army Balloon School at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, which began operations early in April, 1917. The Drachen of which a picture is shown was the only military observation balloon owned by the Army at that time and, strangely enough, had been purchased from Germany before the start of the World War. It was inflated and flown but two or three times because it leaked like a sieve, and so was hauled down and condemned. For some time it was used merely for practise in inflation drill. Then came the Upson kite balloons, which were abandoned when the French Cacquots were received and issued.

All of the balloon companies sent overseas were trained or



had been sent overseas, with a total personnel of 223 flying officers, 10 non-flying officers, 131 artillery officers attached, and 6,475 enlisted men.

While generally referred to as the "eyes of the artillery," the work of the balloon men was not confined to directing the fire of our guns. In addition, they reported the point of origin, point of contact and caliber of enemy shells, all troop movements, traffic on roads and railroads, planes and balloons, smoke signals, explosions, flares, fire and other activities in the area they commanded. With good visibility, an observer's range of vision was about eight miles in every direction. Stationed from two to five miles from the enemy's lines, at altitudes up to a mile, these balloon men were in a position to report immediately through telephonic connection with intelligence officers on

the ground information vital to the Army at large.

Floating lazily above the lines in their grandstand seats, they might have won the envy of the infantry. But that wasn't all there was to balloon service. The ground crews had plenty of work cut out for them, as had the anti-aircraft sections. The crews had to follow every advance, moving forward by night, operating by day. And while most ground outfits occasionally got relief, many of the balloon companies carried on continuously throughout our participation.

Balloons were attacked by enemy planes on eighty-nine occasions; thirty-five of them were burned during attacks, twelve others destroyed by shell fire, and one blown over the enemy lines. Observers had to make 116 parachute jumps.

Among the balloon men who subsequently became famous were



**Driven from their homeland by the Bolsheviks, Russian refugees were picked up from drifting craft in the Black Sea by American ships in 1920. Above is a group, escaped from the Crimea, aboard the U. S. Destroyer Chandler**

stationed at Fort Omaha at some time or other, the first companies leaving for France in November, 1917. Later, additional balloon schools were established in Virginia, Oklahoma, California and Texas. Up until the signing of the Armistice, 25 companies

Ashley C. McKinley, aerial surveyor of the First Byrd Expedition and the first man to photograph the South Pole; Lincoln Ellsworth, another noted polar explorer, Clarence Chamberlin, trans-Atlantic flyer, and Roscoe Turner, air speed marvel.





During an overhaul and delousing period at Norfolk, Virginia, during 1918, some of the crew of the Destroyer Hopkins had chow served to them on the dock. Any of you ex-gobs know any of the men at this luncheon party?

At the Legion national convention in Portland, Oregon, in 1932, balloon veterans came out from hiding and held their first reunion. The National Association of American Balloon Corps Veterans was organized and each year since at the Legion national convention has held its meeting, with an ever-increasing attendance. It has its own publication, *Haul Down and Ease Off*, which is full of material interesting not only to balloon veterans but to any veteran. The outfit is now pointing to its annual meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, September 21st to 24th, during the Legion's National Convention, and gasbag veterans can get all details of the meeting from Craig S. Herbert, Personnel Officer, 3333 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, or from Carl D. McCarthy, Kempton, Indiana, Commanding Officer.

SOME time ago one of our Gang told us in these columns something about the expeditions of "friendly intervention" to North Russia—an idea conceived by the British High Command—in which American troops participated. Those American troops, including the 339th Infantry, some attached units, and Transportation Corps men, served well into the year of 1919 in the area south of Murmansk and Archangel.

More than a year after the last American soldiers had been withdrawn from North Russia, American sailors serving in waters to the south of that vast country were getting more than a glimpse of the effects of the civil war that was rocking Russia. One of those ex-gobs, Legionnaire Lee W. Crawford of Franklin Depot, New York, makes report and permits us to see on page 31 the picture of refugees of "White" Russia aboard an American destroyer.

We suppose we might call Crawford an amphibian veteran, since his service made him as much at home on land as on the

water. He reports that he served through the period of the World War with the 106th Field Artillery, 27th Division, and returned with that outfit, but when it was mustered out he was left with the 152d Depot Brigade at Camp Upton, New York, for special examination and treatment at the hospital. Two weeks after he received his discharge from the Army he re-enlisted, but this time

as a seaman in the Navy. Transferred to the engineers' force, he served on the U. S. S. *Chandler* on the Asiatic Station. We'll have Crawford continue the yarn:

"In 1920, while I was serving on the U. S. Destroyer *Chandler* in the Black Sea, the Bolsheviks of Russia were chasing General Wrangel's army of White Russians out of that country, or I might say the Crimean end of Russia. My ship's crew picked up many of these refugees to save them from death at the hands of the Bolsheviks. The picture I enclose shows a group of them, including generals, other officers, women and children.

"General Wrangel himself made one trip on our ship, when he went to the Crimea to inspect his troops who were making a last desperate stand.

"I was a first-class fireman and motor-sailor engineer and the coxswain was a Michigan boy by the name of Armstrong. 'Army' and I were sent from our ship to pick up some of these refugees. Some were on old derelict boats that were drifting without motive power—not even sails. Many of the soldiers had partly-healed wounds. Most of the men were Cossack officers—real gentlemen and born soldiers. However, pushed to the extreme southern end of the Crimea by the Bolsheviks, it was a case of either being killed or getting off the land somehow. Their only choice was to commandeer all the old boats they could find and be towed or float to some other port.

(Continued on page 60)







# "Smartest Buy I ever made!"

IT is easy to understand why the 1936 Oldsmobile is so enthusiastically talked about by owners everywhere... Its freshly streamlined beauty—distinctively styled by Oldsmobile—makes an instant appeal to the eye... Its impressive size and roominess immediately invite the most comfortable, restful travel... Its smoother, livelier power assures most responsive and dependable performance... Combined with Olds-

mobile's engineering and structural quality is every fine-car feature for greater safety, ease of handling, and long, economical life... At its new low price, Oldsmobile occupies a value class by itself... No wonder the owner of an Oldsmobile Six or Eight tells all his friends—"It's the smartest buy I ever made!"

Sixes \$665 and up, Eights \$810 and up, list prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Safety Glass standard equipment all around. Special accessory groups extra. The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, \$820 list. New 6% G. M. A. C. Plan. A General Motors Value.

## \$665

# OLDSMOBILE 6 & 8

*"The Car that has Everything"*

KNEE-ACTION WHEELS • SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES • SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" • BIG, ROOMY FISHER BODY • FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION • SAFETY GLASS STANDARD THROUGHOUT • CENTER-CONTROL STEERING • RIDE STABILIZER



# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



**JIM SHUTTS** of the Youngstown *Vindicator* passes on one about the groggy passenger en route from London to Wimby-on-Avon. He had fallen asleep, when the train came to a sharp stop which aroused him. Turning to a fellow passenger, he asked:

"Is this Wimby?"

"No, it's Thursday."

"Thursday!" exclaimed the befuddled one. "I'm thirsty too—let's get a drink!"

**TOM CRAIG**, of Washington Court House, Ohio, describes a man who had been in business in a large city for many years and who returned to the village of his boyhood and opened a small general store. He was anxious to impress his customers with the fact that his establishment was abreast of metropolitan standards. A prospective customer came in the store and asked:

"Have you got any pipes?"

With impressive alertness, the merchant countered: "Drain, water, tobacco, bag or gas, sir?"

**IT WAS** at the annual reunion, and one of the comrades was looking for an old buddy.

"Have you seen Sidney?" he asked.

"No," replied another comrade. "I've been looking high and low for him."

"Well, those are the places," the company historian informed him. "He's been dead four months."



**MRS. A. C. KROLL** of Northampton, Massachusetts, writes about an enterprising newsboy who approached a visiting delegation of Legion and Auxiliary members from Massachusetts at the Vermont Department Convention in 1934. He pleaded with them to buy the local daily paper, but with little success. Finally he told them he was the sole support of his mother, since his father was killed in the war.

"What war, sonny?" asked a Legionnaire.

"The World War."

"In what battle?"

"I don't remember, sir."

Several encounters were mentioned in an effort to refresh the lad's memory, and finally he selected one as the place of his father's demise.

"And how old are you?" someone asked.

"Nine, sir."

Perhaps he wondered why they all laughed and yet showered him with dimes and quarters.

**A SOLDIER** was awakened by his buddy going through his locker.

"What in the blazes are you looking for at this time of night?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied the explorer.

"Well, you won't find it there—it's in that bottle under your cot where the whiskey was."

**D. R. L. E. COOP**, of Morgantown, Kentucky, tells about an instructor who was working with a bunch of recruits. To one of them he said:

"Now, suppose you are on duty at night. Suddenly someone comes up from behind and clamps a pair of arms around you so tightly that you can't use your rifle. What would you say?"

Without hesitation the rookie replied: "Let's go, sweetness."



**A YOUNG** woman who was touring Europe last summer, following her graduation from college, had been introduced to a famous German author.

Speaking in her best German, she asked why he had never been to the United States. He told her it was because he knew less than half a dozen sentences in English.

"What are the sentences?" asked the young lady.

The great author, speaking slowly and in somewhat guttural English, said:

"How do you do? I love you too much. Forgive me. Forget me. Ham and eggs, please."

"Why, with that vocabulary," exclaimed the girl, "you could tour America from Portland, Maine, to San Diego, California, and never miss a trick!"

**THE** post meeting had just adjourned, and as the men were leaving the hall, some of them were chiding the commander about always having to make a lot of preparation for a speech. As they stepped out on the ice-covered pavement, the commander's feet skidded from under him.

"Well, comrades," he said, as he looked up with a painful grin, "you'll have to admit this was extemporaneous."



**THE** minister was making an afternoon call, and the ten-year-old son answered the bell.

"Is your father in?" inquired the minister

with a beaming smile.

"No, sir, he's over at the golf club."

The minister's countenance clouded, and the little boy began to explain:

"Oh, daddy don't play golf on Sunday. He just went over for a little game of poker and a few highballs."

**FROM** California, J. R. Norwood, once of the A. E. F. Press Section, writes about the sleek-haired movie actor who sat down in the barber's chair. The barber asked:

"Hair cut or oil changed?"

**LEGIONNAIRE S. REAU KEMP**, of Delevan, Illinois, offers the incident of the old lady who was being shown through a submarine. After the tour of inspection she turned to her guide and called attention to the gun on deck.

"Doesn't that cannon get wet when you're under water?" she asked.

"Oh, no," replied the gob. "We hold an umbrella over it when we submerge."

**FREDA O'DONALD**, Secretary to the National Director of the Legion's Americanism Commission, tells about a certain little girl who had returned from Sunday school and comfortably perched herself on her grandfather's knee.

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?" she asked.

"Certainly not, my dear."

"Then why didn't you get drowned?"



**A SMALL** boy was applying for a card at a library. The librarian asked him the routine questions, ending with a request for the given name of each parent. After telling his father's name, he said he didn't know his mother's given name.

"What does your father call her?" asked the librarian, hoping to help refresh the boy's memory.

"He calls her 'Honey'," said the boy, and then added, for the further information of an apparently stupid librarian, "he likes her."



# Dot-Dash-

## Intercepting Enemy Orders



JES WILHELM SCHLAIKJER was born at sea, brought up on a ranch—his playmates Sioux Indians. He became a rancher himself, then a telegraph operator.

Then he turned up in France as a soldier in the First Division, assigned to the radio Intelligence Section. It was Schlaikjer's outfit that intercepted the new German code—the solving of which saved hundreds of lives of Allied troops.

Out of the war Schlaikjer brought one burning ambition—to find a *soft job*. "So I picked the softest job I could think of—I became an artist!" But the habit of work stuck.

Products of Schlaikjer's virile pen and brush are now in wide demand. And this magazine takes pardonable pride in having been *first* to recognize his genius—and in presenting a Schlaikjer illustration on this month's cover.

\* \* \*

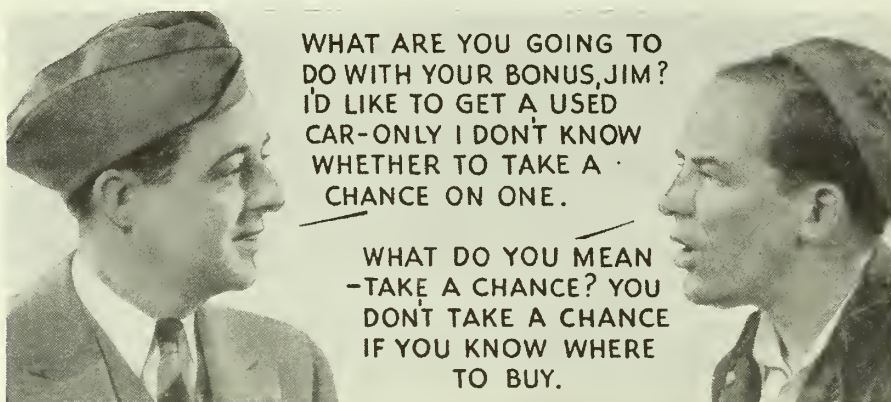
The Advertising Man has a new story about Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Pipe Tobacco. The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, he says, has a passion for statistics and here are some of them—about our own magazine. The American Legion Monthly reaches 853,000 adult males. 161,217 of them own retail stores. 26.5% are restaurants, food

and drug stores, likely to have tobacco counters. When you buy Camel cigarettes, advertised in The American Legion Monthly (Back Cover) or Prince Albert Pipe Tobacco (Page 37), at one of these stores, it looks as if Legionnaires get a *better than double* break!

The Gillette Safety Razor Company also mulled over some facts about our readers—92.9% gainfully employed—33.5% owning their own business—52.2% owning their own homes. A quality audience, they decided, that would appreciate the Gillette story (Page 39) of quality manufacture.

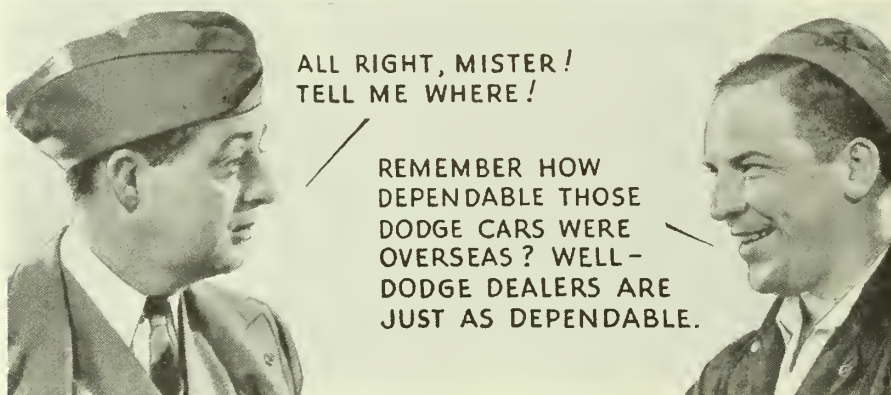


# Here's "G.H.Q." advice ON REAL USED CAR VALUE



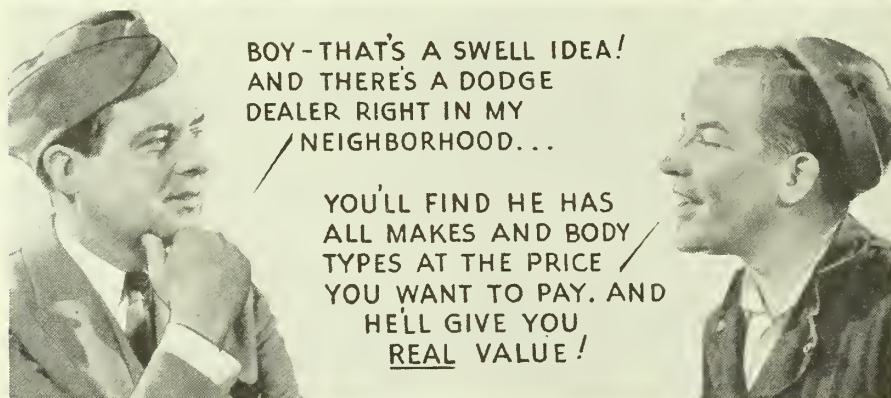
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR BONUS, JIM? I'D LIKE TO GET A USED CAR—ONLY I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO TAKE A CHANCE ON ONE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN—TAKE A CHANCE? YOU DON'T TAKE A CHANCE IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO BUY.



ALL RIGHT, MISTER! TELL ME WHERE!

REMEMBER HOW DEPENDABLE THOSE DODGE CARS WERE OVERSEAS? WELL—DODGE DEALERS ARE JUST AS DEPENDABLE.



BOY—THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! AND THERE'S A DODGE DEALER RIGHT IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD...

YOU'LL FIND HE HAS ALL MAKES AND BODY TYPES AT THE PRICE YOU WANT TO PAY. AND HE'LL GIVE YOU REAL VALUE!

**T**HE way to buy a used car is to *select the dealer first!* Thousands of wise used car and used truck buyers have followed this course. They have found that it led them direct to a dependable Dodge dealer—and to real, honest, used car value.

Here's why: Dodge and Dependability have been associated, for 22 years. And Dodge dealers—progressive business men who know the worth of a reputation for dependability in steady, year-round patronage—have maintained this same reputation by giving you honest, fair-priced merchandise.

No matter how much or how little you want to pay—\$50 or \$500—you can depend on a Dodge dealer to give you your money's worth—*plus!*

**ASK ABOUT THE OFFICIAL CHRYSLER MOTORS COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY TIME PAYMENT PLAN**

# DODGE

**DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

## Big Moments

(Continued from page 19)

\$10 Prize  
THE CIGARETTES  
CAME IN HANDY

**W**HILE serving with the 316th Infantry we started a drive on November 4th, on Hill 378, one of the toughest spots on the Western Front.

When we reached the top of the ridge a sniper's bullet knocked my helmet off, also a piece of the top of my head. My right side became paralyzed from the shock and due to loss of blood I became unconscious. During this time our boys fell back.

Regaining consciousness the next morning, the first thing I saw was a big German with a pistol in one hand searching the dead Americans. Not knowing what else to do I feigned sleep, but when I heard his footsteps coming closer it seemed it was Taps for me. My heart pounded like a hammer. He felt in my side pockets and started to put his hand inside my jacket. Being afraid he might finish me if he found I were not dead, I opened my eyes and raised my hands. It startled him so that he jumped away and then quickly came back, talking fast in German.

I held my breath, but—he put his pistol away and helped me to my feet. I gave him a pack of cigarettes and he called two more Germans, to whom were given more cigarettes. I think this helped to save my life.

I was held prisoner and was one of the three last Americans returned by Germany.—CHESTER BURT, *Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.*

\$10 Prize  
FOR THE BOYS AND THE TOWN

**W**HEN I was chosen commander of Fonzie Wilder Post, Corbin, Kentucky, in 1924, we immediately started on our child welfare program, which had by no means been previously neglected. Many good things had been accomplished by past commanders.

Corbin, being a railroad center, presented a problem both to the son and father. The fathers, mostly railroad men, were away from home so much of their time that little personal contact could be had, and the fathers' interest in their boys was greatly impaired. So "as boys will be boys," I observed that their chief pastime was riding, hopping on and off freight cars. Many injuries had occurred through this hazardous practice. I visited the "Bottoms," a rendezvous for the idle where gambling and drinking were the amusement, which the boys witnessed. Some boys would stay there all day and night, accepting food from lunch boxes of workingmen. As a consequence I decided a playground for boys would help solve

*The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly*



the problem. The post gave \$100 for a thirty-day option on nearly three acres of land in the center of the city, raised \$900 more in the thirty days, and \$500 every six months thereafter until it was paid for through the co-operation of our city school board. The post through great sacrifices raised some \$4,000. The athletic fund of the school retired the balance, about \$2500.

No more lives, no more limbs were lost by freight-car riding. No more "bottom" visits; every boy was in school. Their fathers were at ease. At present their athletics are second to none. They have just won their district conference title in football.

The Legion Park is a credit to the city, a monument to the post, and my "big moment."—O. G. CATRON, *Barbourville, Kentucky.*

\$10 Prize

### THE GIFT OF FREEDOM

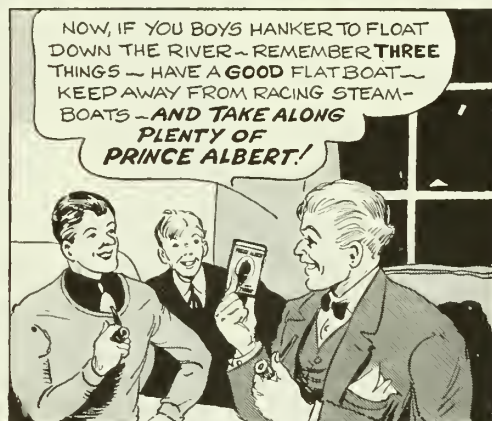
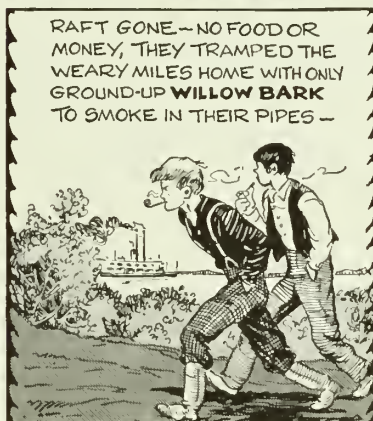
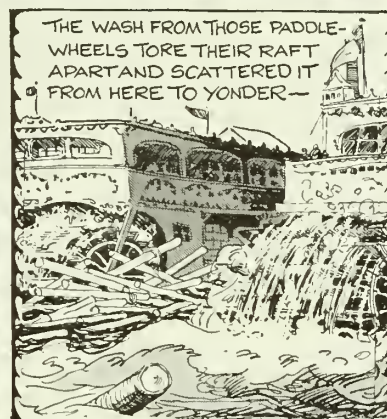
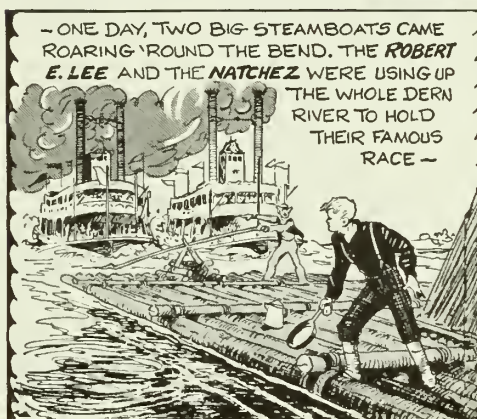
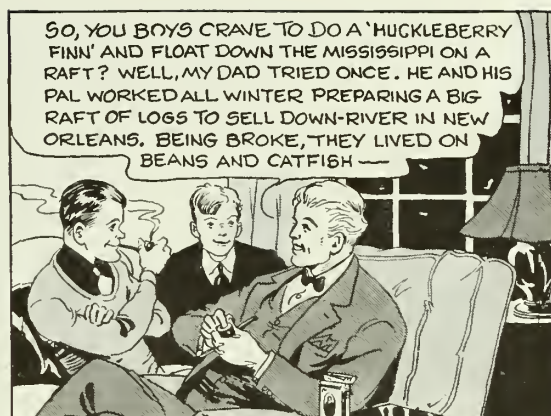
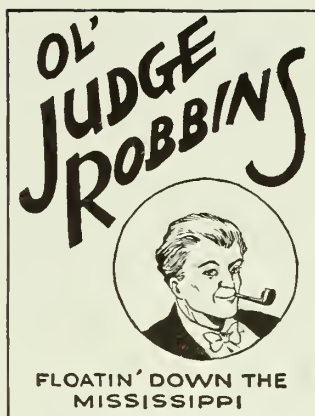
**M**Y BIG Moment came on Christmas Day, 1935, when I was privileged to present the gift of freedom to a ninety-year-old Civil War veteran. In 1913 this man was sentenced by an Indiana circuit court to life imprisonment for murder—a result of a drunken brawl. In 1928, my father, A. B. Crampton, 48th Indiana Volunteers, learned that this man was the only ex-comrade of his in prison. Through his influence with Governor Ed Jackson, the veteran was paroled to the State Soldiers Home, Lafayette, and my father brought him from prison to the Home. It has been the desire of his son (302d Ambulance Company, 301st Sanitary Train, A. E. F.) to "complete the job." I wrote Governor Paul V. McNutt the facts and asked that a complete pardon be granted, and for sentimental reasons (namely that I desired to "take up the torch" where father "laid it down," to use a Flanders Field expression) I asked the privilege of presenting the pardon myself. The request was granted.

Call it what you may—I call it love of my boys at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, with whom I served in France and Germany—I donned my blue Legion uniform and overseas cap, and drove to the Soldiers Home. There he was in the blue of the Union Army. Then in remembrance of my father and through the governor's generosity, my big moment came when he took from me, with trembling hands, his Christmas gift of freedom.—C. C. CRAMPTON, M.D., *Delphi, Indiana.*

\$10 Prize

### THE HIGHEST DEVOTION

**I**N JUNE, 1917, at the age of sixteen I outstared a recruiting officer who didn't think I looked old enough and joined the Navy. Detailed to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, a chief storekeeper issuing equipment (*Continued on page 38*)

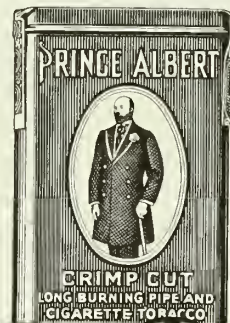


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### GET ON THE JOY ROAD—FOR GOOD!



We say "Prince Albert has to satisfy you." And we believe it will. For we use only choice tobaccos—"crimp cut" for coolness—with the "bite" removed. What enticing fragrance! Smoke up—and the wonder grows. You're on the joy road now. New pipe contentment is yours. Note our fair-and-square man-to-man offer whereby satisfaction is guaranteed. Prince Albert is mild and flavory in roll-your-own cigarettes too.



### OUR POSITIVE NO-RISK OFFER

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert



# GIVE IT THE TASTE TEST

**F**LAVOUR . . . that's the real test of a Scotch Whisky . . . and by that test Teacher's "Highland Cream" has won the hearty approval of lovers of good Scotch the world over. Give it the taste test . . . roll a few drops on your tongue, and you'll understand why Teacher's has been recognized for more than a century as "the perfection of Scotch Whisky." Bottled in bond in the United Kingdom under government supervision by WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON. Established 1830.

"A wee drap o'  
Teacher's —  
MacTavish?"

"Aye—but must  
it be a wee 'un?"



**TEACHER'S**  
**"HIGHLAND CREAM"**  
*the Perfection of*  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:  
**Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY**  
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

## Big Moments

(Continued from page 37)

held my blue uniform before me and said, "Kid, this is a man's uniform—don't ever forget it."

Several times I had reason to recall the chief's words but the outstanding moment was several months later at Cape May, N. J., while watching Ensign Walker Weed, flight instructor, put a cadet through the "paces." As I watched the huge seaplane bank and circle, it hesitated and crashed in flames across the channel from where I was standing. From the smoking and flaming wreckage a figure emerged, and half walking, half crawling, made his way toward the water. When he reached the channel edge he looked back at the burning plane, turned and stumbled to his ship. Never stopping, he entered the mass of fire and I could see tiny tongues of flame spring from his clothing. In a few moments he reappeared, a human torch, slowly dragging and rolling the flaming, unconscious form of his student toward the water. As he reached the water's edge with his burden a rescue squad arrived and loaded both men into a boat.

Ensign Weed died shortly after entering the hospital. His student died several days later, but the glorious act of Walker Weed remains the biggest and longest moment I have ever lived.—**WALTER E. DARR, Merchantville, New Jersey.**

**\$10 Prize**  
**SAFE**

**O**CTOBER 20, 1935, I was plowing with a tractor pulling four fourteen-inch bottoms. My son, aged four, came out to the field to ride home on the tractor. As dusk set in, having about an hour's work left on that field, I decided to finish before going home. I turned on the headlights as darkness closed in. In the light some distance ahead, I saw a bunch of hay that had fallen from a wagon. Not wishing to stop, I told the little fellow to drive while I ran ahead and tossed it out of the way. In reality, the tractor follows the furrow. I left him proudly hanging on to the wheel and went ahead, removing the hay. I waited for the tractor, stepping on as it came up. Our little man was gone. I knew he must have fallen off right in the path of four sharp rolling coulters. Had he fallen crossway his body would be buried in four different furrows. Thoroughly terrified by now, I picked up the flashlight and started back prepared for a ghastly sight. I found him trying to free himself from an eight-inch covering of clay. Before I could help him, he wiggled loose and jumped up, expecting a scolding. He said, "I was trying to fix the plow and I falled off." He had seen me adjust the plow levers. Trying to reach them, he had

fallen off and gone between two coulters a space of fourteen inches.—**JERRY ENRIGHT, East Grand Forks, Minnesota.**

**\$10 Prize**  
**A MATTER OF MOMENTS**

**I**T WAS my third day as "kettle operator" at the T. N. T. plant, making high explosives for depth-bombs.

In manufacturing trinitrotoluol, heat is generated in the mixing of the acids, and the operator's chief duty is to hold the temperature down by means of a water coil inside the "kettle." This is controlled with a six-inch valve. At no time is the temperature to exceed 200 degrees—this being the danger line.

This particular morning all had gone well, and I was on my third and last nitration. As the nitric acid continued to run into the huge vat, the temperature rose rapidly. This was not unusual, and I leisurely descended from my high seat, walked over to the control valve and turned it.

The hand wheel spun uselessly in my hand—the valve was not working.

Hurriedly, I climbed up to read the thermometer—it read 200. Red fumes were now coming out in angry puffs around the manhole plates; the chief nitrator was running for the water valve. Hell was out for recess.

Choking with fumes, I shouted that the valve stem was stripped and that my thermometer now read 205.

A crew of pipe fitters arrived from somewhere with a new valve, and frenziedly began installing it, as the dense fumes continued to roll. A death-like silence had descended on the plant. My kettle was the center of attention as I sat breathing through a handkerchief calling down temperatures.

"Two hundred five, ten, fifteen," and finally with a yell, "She has dropped to 210," and I realized the new valve was working.—**HERBERT J. FOX, Mitchell, South Dakota.**

**\$10 Prize**  
**A BONUS FOR THE GOVERNMENT**

**I**N 1931 I drew part of my bonus money and as I had a couple of friends who were interested in starting a little business I took \$100 and twenty-one dollars worth of tobacco which belonged to me and we started to manufacture twist tobacco. We rented a small place and bought what equipment we had to have second-hand, and did all our own work. We manufactured some twists and sent out samples to several large wholesale houses. In a few months we were able to employ a few men and it wasn't long before we had a man traveling for us.



We now own our own manufacturing plant and during the depression we have employed twenty men and women, which means we have taken care of twenty families besides our own. Also we have three men traveling, selling our tobacco. We have paid the Government \$150,000 taxes.—J. W. GRIFFITH, Paducah, Kentucky.

*\$10 Prize*  
**JUST A MATTER OF BREATHING**

AS A physician in a small country town, I was called one evening at dark eight miles in the mountains of Pennsylvania to treat a man who I was told was choking to death. Upon my arrival at his residence I found him able to breathe very poorly, with slow hissing breaths. Since I was unable to relieve him from the piece of food which had lodged in his throat, he insisted on being taken to the hospital fifteen miles away. I told the man I did not think he could stand the trip. We started in a small coupe, with the man on the seat between his wife and me. When we had gone about a quarter of a mile, the patient suddenly stopped breathing. His wife screamed, "He is dying," again and again, and I also was afraid he was. I stopped the car, and with the man's wife, nervous and excited, holding a flashlight and supporting him, now entirely helpless and limp, I managed to open my case, get a small scalpel from it which screwed into a hollow handle, loosen the man's tie and collar, and quickly make an incision into his trachea below the obstruction. As soon as this was done, he began to breathe. He was still unconscious, when we reached the next house, about a half mile farther on. A fit of coughing and choking dislodged the obstruction and he regained consciousness in about an hour. He rapidly recovered.—DR. IRA M. HENDERSON, Fairfield, Pa.

*\$10 Prize*  
**A PROUD MOMENT**

AS a boy I had heard my grandfather, who was a bugler in the First Rhode Island Cavalry during the Civil War, tell of the ill-feeling the men in his company held toward their commanding officer. The night before the outfit was to be mustered out of the service he disappeared, never to be heard from again by the men.

This story made a great impression upon my boyish mind and I resolved that, given an opportunity, I would never abuse authority vested in me.

The close of the World War found the writer in command of the 44th Company, 151st Depot Brigade, at Camp Devens. The morning of the day the company was to be demobilized the first sergeant came to the office and stated that some of the men would like the opportunity of saying good-bye to the (Continued on page 40)



Joe Cook and one of his elaborate "inventions" which he used in the musical comedy "Fine and Dandy"

# How to cure Whisker Trouble

*Devious Dee-vices and Mystifying Machines  
Make Shaving a Pleasure*

*by Joe Cook, Comedian of Radio, Stage and Screen*

I BELIEVE I was teathed on a camshaft. Maybe that's why machinery is my dish. And talk about inventions—they all call me "Joe" around the patent office in Washington. Yes I know my machinery—and the machinery I saw in the Gillette factory puts anything I've ever seen way behind the eight ball.

It's unbelievable the number of de-vices they have around the place just to make sure that there is no such thing as even a single sour Gillette blade.

For instance, they start out with a coil of the finest steel that money can buy, and put it through more tests than a guy trying to get his first driver's license. Metallurgists—the gents who know all about metal—"X-Ray" the steel, pop it into a furnace and burn it—take pictures of it enlarged hundreds of times. Say—there isn't a hidden flaw that can get by. These Gillette people are harder to please than the critics on opening night.

Of course the big Five-Star feature is the battery of grinding and sharpening

machines which put so fine an edge on each blade that you can't even see 'em. What's more I accidentally dropped one of these blades and my guide informed me that the blade would not pass inspection. I made him prove it. We placed the blade in a magazine containing 1000 blades. We alone knew the portion of the holder we had placed it in.

The blades were then handed to an inspector in the final inspection department, who ran her eagle eye along the tightly packed mass of blades and instantly picked out the one I had dropped! That shows you how perfect a blade has to be to get by Gillette inspection.

Lack of space causes me to omit many of the pains-taking processes that Gillette deems necessary in producing its blades. All I can say is—that if every whisker-troubled human could only take a trip, like I did, through the Gillette plant, nothing but a Gillette edge would ever touch his face. Yes sir—I'm keen for Gillette blades—and vice versa.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute? Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.**



# Big Moments

(Continued from page 39)



## BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!



**MOST LATHERS** are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.



**COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

## NEXT DAY 8 A. M.



## 5 P. M. SAME DAY



**COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER**



**25¢** LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

**40¢** GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

captain. I naturally was very much pleased and told him that I would be in the mess hall at 1 P.M. to bid farewell to anyone desiring to meet me.

At just 1 o'clock I stepped through the mess hall door and was greeted with wild cheers and applause. I am not ashamed to say that the tears ran down my face and a lump came to my throat. Life's great moment for me was experienced then and there as all but three of the 263 men had gathered of their own free will to shake my hand and say good-bye.—F. S. MATHEWSON, *Plainfield, N. J.*

P. S.: I should be glad to hear from any of the men present that day.

### \$10 Prize

#### IT WAS EXAGGERATED

**R**EGARDLESS of the fact that I served seventeen months overseas with the Air Service, and have spent several years in Veterans Administration hospitals, my "big moment" came to me in the Legion Home of the quiet town of Wethersfield, Connecticut, in the fall of 1931.

I had been elected historian of my post. Like so many other posts we had neglected our history for the preceding three years. So that I might have the material needed to fill in the missing years, I sat down to read the minutes of our post meetings for 1930.

In the report of the June meeting I read that Dr. ———, a member of our post and my own doctor, stated that I was very sick, in fact I could only live a matter of days. Following the doctor's reports it was voted that the sum of five dollars be appropriated to buy a wreath for Comrade Miller's funeral and that a committee be appointed to confer with my widow about funeral plans.

Believe me, it was a thrill to realize that a battle for life had been waged over a period of ten years and had been won and that even though I was minus my legs I was at last well, strong and able to carry on.—WILLIAM J. MILLER, *Wethersfield, Connecticut.*

### \$10 Prize

#### IN CLASS FIVE

**I**T WAS in the armory of the Richmond Grays. That morning the postman handed me a card telling me to report for an examination. Proudly, though with a certain feeling of uneasiness, I reported to the examining committee.

Their questioning revealed that I was thirty years of age, physically perfect, married, no children and a minister. With this information properly listed I was handed a card indicating that I was in Class Five.

Being somewhat curious I asked what

class five meant. It was then that I received my first shock of the war. With all the dignity of his position the pompous gentleman before me said, "You see, my friend, it's like this, In class *one* we place the young, able-bodied, single men. In class *two* we put the young, able-bodied, married men. In class *three* are the young, able-bodied, married men with few dependents. In class *four* are most of the rest of the men not in classes one, two or three."

"Well," I humbly asked, "what about class *five*?"

"Oh, yes," said he. "Class *five*. Well, you see, in class *five* we put the cripples, imbeciles, idiots and preachers."

Yes sir! I was so shocked at my class that I never stopped till I had a commission in the U. S. Navy.—PERRY L. MITCHELL, *Clarendon, Virginia.*

### \$10 Prize

#### HE WAS A MAN

**A**MONG the rumors that refused to be quieted, as we waited on a warm June day back in 1918 at Camp Mills, like so much cargo, for shipping orders, was one that we might lose our division commander. There may have been some officers whom we would have lost willingly, but we had learned to admire and to respect our division commander, Major General Leonard Wood. He had transformed a mob of green officers and raw recruits into a real fighting machine and we wanted him to remain the chief machinist.

The day before sailing, along in the afternoon an order came for all officers to appear at division headquarters at 9 o'clock the next morning. As they waited there General Wood came in, a heavy man with a strong, intelligent face, and eyes that looked straight at you. After looking about the room gravely, he stepped forward, limping slightly but sturdy and sure of foot.

Slowly the general drew an order from his pocket, unfolded it deliberately and read it in a deep voice that gave evidence of great emotion that was under complete control. Our worst fears were promptly confirmed.

The War Department had ordered him to remain in the United States. The great adventure was not to be his. Slowly he folded the order and replaced it in his pocket. "A good soldier always does his duty," he said quietly.

For a moment no one spoke, no one moved. The tenseness was broken by a shuffling of feet, as officers pressed forward, tears showing freely, and grasped the general by the hand. It was a big moment to press the hand of a real soldier and a real man.—CLYDE E. MUCHMORE, *Ponca City, Oklahoma.*



\$10 Prize  
TRUE AMERICANISM

DESTITUTE, penniless, a German war nurse, who had married an American doughboy, was stranded with her five children in a little hamlet in Bath County, in the foothills of Kentucky. This had been the former home of the soldier, and after the war and the demobilization from the Army of Occupation in Germany, he brought his family here and found shelter for them in a small house. The day the youngest child was born, the father was brought home a corpse, the victim of a railroad accident.

The widow and her children faced a winter without food, fuel, adequate clothing, supplies of any kind—friendless, not even knowing much of the strange new language in an alien land.

The American Legion Bath Post of Owingsville, Kentucky, heard of her plight. The Legionnaires started a successful movement for compensation for the widow and then bought food, canvassed the generous merchants of the town for coal, wood and medicinal supplies. The wives and sisters of Bath Post Legionnaires obtained clothing, preserves and toys for the children.

On December 24th an automobile of Legionnaires, with their gifts and goodwill, got through to the family. I shall never forget the pitiful amazement, the gratitude, the heartfelt appreciation that showed on those faces as we stepped in the door of that barren shack on Christmas Eve, and told that soldier's widow, who had been a daughter of the enemy, that The American Legion had come to play Santa Claus to her children. That was my big moment.—J. Ed. PARKER, JR., Lexington, Kentucky.

\$10 Prize  
HE SHOWED COURAGE AND RESOURCEFULNESS

A FEW years ago I worked for the General Railway Signal Company, which at that time was installing new signal towers and automatic train stops on the Boston & Maine Railroad. Our foreman, Frank Hout, received orders from the signal tower to proceed to our next location by way of the sidetrack as a passenger train was due on the main line in a few minutes. We made the sidetrack, switched over in plenty of time and, feeling perfectly safe, sped on toward our destination. Rounding a curve, it seemed only a few hundred feet ahead of us, came the passenger train on the side track. Had it not been for Frank, we would have jumped off then and there. He, however, swiftly stopped the motorcar and his cool and steady voice ordered us to gang onto one side of the track and tip the motorcar over into the ditch and away from the oncoming passenger train. To this day, I cannot understand how we succeeded, for no sooner had we tipped it over (Continued on page 42)

APRIL, 1936

# DON'T GAMBLE!



## GOLOEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION FOUND ONLY IN SILVERTOWNS!

**Onlooker:** "That was a mean blow-out you had, Mister. Is your daughter all right?"

**Father:** "She'll be O.K., but you can bet I'll never gamble on tires again."

\* \* \*  
It certainly doesn't pay to gamble on tires. Literally thousands of motorists are killed or injured in blow-out accidents every year. Do you realize that the chances are better than even that you, too, may have a blow-out some day?

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.  
PREVENT THOSE  
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS  
HEAT-RESISTING  
GOLDEN PLY



**FREE!** Prove that you want to prevent accidents. Go to your Goodrich dealer. Join the Silvertown Safety League—sign the Goodrich Safe Driving Pledge. As a mark of distinction your Goodrich dealer will get for you absolutely free a Safety League Emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out.



At speeds of 40—50—60 miles an hour tires get blistering hot *inside*. Rubber and fabric pull apart. A blister forms. The blister grows bigger and bigger until—sooner or later—BANG! Your car shoots off the road and newspapers report one more blow-out accident.

But now you can get the protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply—invented by a well-known tire engineer to cut down the mounting toll of accidents. Every Goodrich Silvertown has this life-saving feature built right into its carcass. The Golden Ply resists tire heat. It keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. Thus you're protected, because when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

### "Road Drying" Tread

And, adding one safety feature to another, in the tread of Goodrich Silvertowns are *three* big center ribs. At the first sign of a skid, these three center ribs sweep away water and slush—a regular "windshield-wiper" action that gives the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip.

### No Extra Cost

It costs Goodrich many a dollar to put the Life-Saver Golden Ply into every Silvertown Tire. Yet they cost not a penny more than other standard tires. Ride in comfort and without worry. Get *months* of extra, trouble-free mileage. See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns now.

*The new* **Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**  
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection





*Have that healthy*

# TAN

**D**ON'T have that pale, indoor, "pasty" look — when you *can* have the natural *ruddy glow* of vigorous health. The same kind of Tan you get on a Florida beach! Your personal appearance is either a distinct social and business asset—or a handicap.

LOOK HEALTHY . . . BE HEALTHY

But your daily bath with ultra-violet rays does far more than enhance your appearance. For these rays actually help to increase youthful vigor and vitality. They tend to stimulate glandular functions. Ultra violet rays are known to be remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases and in destroying germ life. Many cases of pimples and temporary blemishes have yielded quickly to their purifying action. These rays have often been found unusually effective in cases of listlessness and anemia and are an invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets. Children have responded rapidly to their beneficial results.

■ We want you to *experience* the remarkable benefits the perfected HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP brings. We offer you FREE use for 7 days in your own home. . . 7 days works wonders in the way you look and feel! Then if you decide to keep it, it is yours for the remarkable new low price of \$7.50. Pay as little as one dollar down payment.

■ Now, for the first time, a really *high grade* Ultra-Violet Sun Lamp, bearing the stamp of approval of some of the highest testing laboratories, is within the reach of all. So—because you have everything to gain, nothing to lose, because you *try before you buy*—don't delay, but rush coupon below for full details.

**\$1<sup>00</sup>**  
**DOWN  
PAYMENT  
BUYS  
IT!**



**MAIL TODAY!**

Address.

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

*This is not an order—Ship nothing C.O.D.*  
©1936 Health Ray Mfg. Co.

(Continued from page 41)

I am sure that had it not been for Frank Hout, we would have jumped from the motorcar even as it sped on toward the oncoming train. God only knows how many lives Frank saved through his cool and steady nerve. The motorcar was loaded with crowbars, shovels, etc., and had the train hit it, the derailment of the passenger train and the loss of many unsuspecting lives would have been inevitable.—BERNARD REYNOLDS, *Gardner, Mass.*

## DIDN'T MISS THE GENERAL

But when he and his staff crowded into our kitchen, he asked why a corporal was doing K.P. I explained the situation to him. Then we had a chat for about ten minutes about my service on the other side. We went over the battles of the Marne, the Argonne and Flanders, then we shook hands, saluted. As he went on his way, I stood there, the envy of the battery.—HIRAM SMITH, *Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.*

## DUTY TO THE LAST

IT WAS at Camp Humphreys during the terrible influenza epidemic of 1918. We doctors were working night and day to relieve the suffering of the boys who had been sent to the Base Hospital with this dreaded disease. Among these was a fine, strong captain who had developed a

Looking around, not a dry eye could be seen among the nurses and doctors. It was a big moment for us all.—VICTOR R. TURNER, M.D., *Newark, Ohio.*

## THE POSTHUMOUS AWARD

As commander of the local Legion post my name appeared on the program to present the Legion awards, but I did not know who the recipients were to be until a few moments before it was time for the presentation, when the principal of the school handed me a card bearing the names of the boy and girl who had been selected several weeks before because of their courage, honor, service, leadership and scholarship as meriting the Legion award. With a lump in my throat I experienced my big moment—the boy was Danny. It was not an easy task to find fitting words for this presentation to one who had gone to his “great and final reward.” The medal and button were given to Danny’s parents—a permanent reminder of their son’s outstanding character.—GEORGE W. B. WHITING, *Mt. Ephraim, New Jersey.*

## A \$100,000 TOUCHDOWN

Something like \$100,000 of the 89th



Division money was bet on the game. Potsy Clark, Ad Lindsey and I had bet \$2500, thinking, "If we go to Paris, let's go with some dough!"

Fish, feeling his team to be a cinch to win, had already made arrangements to billet his team in Paris. We had watched his team beat the Second Division the week before and they looked great.

Game time came. We battled back and forth on even terms most of the first half. Shortly before the half ended Lindsey, our punter, turned loose a long kick, which sailed far over their safety man. The ball was down on the Fourth Division's five-yard line. Fish's team immediately went into a punt formation. Our coach, Paul Withington, playing right guard, broke through center, blocked the kick, and I, playing right half, rushed in and fell on the ball for a touchdown! Talk about a big moment—there I lay possibly holding \$100,000 for the Division and a trip to Paris. Lindsey kicked the extra point and we were in front 7-0. The last half we scored seven more points, winning 14-0.

Later we went on to Paris and won the A. E. F. championship!—T. C. Wood, *Friend, Nebraska.*

## They Mean Well, But

(Continued from page 15)

the Bronx. I was in doubt as to which was the better, until a lot of his friends from that section began to give him a great deal of noisy encouragement. At once I felt a sense of power and conquering ability, for, other things being at all equal, one man and two legs can always outrun a crowd of men and two legs.

A generation ago, Hayes of Olympic fame and Mike Ryan had a runners' friendship. After winning the 1908 Olympic race, Hayes did all he could for Mike in each Boston race. He rode a bike and bawled his friend out as became a good member of the Irish-American A. C. But throughout 1900-10-11 Ryan finished in the rut. In 1912 Hayes was prevented from being present and worried how Mike could do without him. Alone Mike Ryan won and broke the record!

Often an obscure fan will volunteer a little misinformation about the distance to the finish. In the 1934 Middle Atlantic championship at Wilmington, Delaware, Mel Porter and I were leading with three miles to go, as we knew well from a previous study of maps. A new car stopped, blocking traffic on the narrow road and the driver volunteered, "Just seven miles more, boys." Tense and straining every muscle to do the best for the right distance, I yelled, "You're a liar." Adding a few adjectives and more volume, (Continued on page 44)

APRIL, 1936

# HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!



*No Bite!*



*No Bite!*



*Still no Bite!*

Meet your pipe half-way. Pack it with Half & Half. Cool as Big Ben's: "Come on, Fellow; scam!" Sweet as recalling: "It's Sunday . . . hurrah!" Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

## HALF AND HALF

### The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE



THE HAPPY BIRDS BEGIN TO SING  
WHILE FLOWERS SCENT THE BREEZE  
AND SANI-FLUSH IS JUST THE THING  
TO CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE!



WINTER's rust and sediment are choking your radiator. Sludge and lime deposits are interfering with the cooling system of your car . . . spoiling performance. You can clean out the radiator of your car in a few minutes, for ten cents, with Sani-Flush.

Pour Sani-Flush in the radiator (directions on the can). Run the motor. Drain, flush and refill. The delicate veins of the radiator are cleaned and opened. Anti-freeze is thoroughly removed. The motor will run cooler, and better. Sani-Flush is safe. Cannot harm aluminum head, block or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. Or you can buy a can from grocery, drug, hardware, or five-and-ten-cent stores—25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush** **Safe**  
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN **NOT CAUSTIC**



Rutland is the original patching plaster containing genuine pulverized marble. Makes a whiter, more durable patch. Sets without shrinking. Easy to use. Just mix with water. Be sure you get Rutland—in the checkerboard box. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.

## They Mean Well, But

(Continued from page 43)

Mel hollered the same. The shiny car moved on.

Frequently, a fan seeing a runner wet himself will try to get in the picture by throwing a whole pail. Even if the chump holds on to the handle he is sure to shock the runner and will probably fill his shoes so full of water that an uncomfortable three miles will follow until the juice is all squished out.

After an athlete has won over all these human difficulties he will find his time and energy commandeered by all kinds of church, "Y" and civic bodies who want him to talk about "clean living" and exhibit himself as a curiosity. Then having used up his surplus energy in this way, the same people will express surprise that a marathon winner so seldom repeats.

Johnny Miles, who was the phenomenal victor in the 1926 Boston race, is a good illustration of this. A slight charge for talks does not endanger one's amateur

standing and serves very well as a brake on too much waste of wind.

It might get monotonous if I went on to tell of more hindrances of other people to marathon runners. I might write of the drunks who stagger out in tense moments to offer some of their elixir; of the war veterans who slap you in the chest (not the back) as you pass and remind you of some casual company in which you served, and of the autos whose inmates may know enough to keep their mouths shut, but who like to get just ahead of a runner and admire his endurance, all the time giving off monoxide gas, but I've told enough to show that people are the greatest hindrance to good marathon running.

Yet, it is partly because of others that we win. If we were like Robinson Crusoe with no audience, we usually would not run so fast nor so far. Other people give a runner not only his obstructions, but also his inspiration, honor and glory.

## Down With Those Wires!

(Continued from page 4)

in the hands, and mourning friends. If veteran pilots still suffer from such disturbing thoughts, the mental hazard must be even greater for neophytes.

Thus when our Commission began its work this year, the immediate correction of such a hazardous general condition was foremost in my own thoughts and no less in the minds of all other members of the Commission because we saw a chance for that type of practical service which has made the name of The American Legion great. Our campaign to eliminate all overhead obstructions adjoining flying fields is a direct responsibility on the entire membership of The American Legion—primarily a responsibility laid in the lap of every post the home community of which boasts an airport, whatever its rating with the Bureau of Air Commerce.

Yet by emphasizing this problem as immediate above all others we do not mean to minimize other vital aeronautical objectives of the Legion. By your membership, if not your individual effort, you have helped The American Legion create an air striking force represented by the General Headquarters Air Force, now a year old and pledged to modernization of equipment and advanced training of pilots, which cannot fail to give us first place in the air among the nations.

You have made possible the granting of appropriations by Congress to insure the development of the most modern planes, engines and equipment, which will result in expansion of our aircraft

industry, the basis of aerial preparedness.

You have helped make available sufficient funds for proper continuous training of the air reserves of Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

As individuals you can continue to help by supporting our unparalleled air transport system through your patronage in the knowledge that you are giving aid to the second line of Air Power.

You have aided in strengthening the Bureau of Air Commerce as it has developed and fostered that marvelous air transport system.

As members of the Legion you can claim much credit for the building of new airports and modernization of old ports through Federal Public Works funds.

Those Departments of the Legion which have sponsored model-airplane contests—now a recognized part of the program of the Sons of The American Legion—are without doubt helping to develop new Wrights, Curtisses and Lindberghs among the rising generation.

Such achievements may be maintained and expanded as the membership of our Legion continues to grow. But the immediate job confronting The American Legion in its Air program is to bury all overhead obstructions at airports before the obstructions cause the burial of more of our flying friends.

Preferably, all overhead wires should be put into underground conduits for a distance at least 2500 feet from airport boundaries. If it is impractical to put them underground, then they should be



removed from boundary limits for the same distance. Most of such overhead hazards are maintained by public utility companies. It may be observed that the present mood of such corporations is to encourage public good-will, and the greater safety of the flying public is a worthwhile consideration. Yet some utilities may not be able to afford the expense. In such cases we should not hesitate to seek public funds for the purpose—federal, state, county or community.

It is suggested as a plan of procedure that a committee of five be named by the post commander, including preferably one pilot and four business men. Once American Legion leadership is established, other organizations should be enlisted in the campaign—aeronautical bodies, Chambers of Commerce, service clubs. Exchange Clubs will always be helpful because a leading item on the agenda of that organization is aid to aviation. Such contacts properly publicized will stimulate the interest of the local press, and press support both in the news columns and on the editorial page will help immensely.

With co-operation thus organized, a general meeting should be held for the selection of a working committee. The chairman should be picked for his go-getting qualities. The committee should not exceed seven members because large committees have a tendency to become unwieldy. A practical aviation man should be included, also someone familiar with municipal procedure. Successful business men will lend influence and prestige, and a lawyer is indispensable, preferably an attorney well versed in corporation law, because often it is found that franchise rights are so drawn that removal of obstructions may be demanded by law if otherwise co-operation is refused.

Our campaign already can boast of important results. In California the municipally-owned Bureau of Light and Power removed all wire obstructions adjoining the Los Angeles Municipal Airport within forty-five days of the initial request by the Legion. Prompted by that example, the Southern California Telephone Company voluntarily offered to eliminate all its lines adjacent to the Union Air Terminal in Burbank.

The Legion's National Aeronautics Commission will advance to other objectives. When the National Executive Committee meets at Indianapolis in May, the committee will outline its plans for the rest of the year. These have been made with the active help of seven members representing widely separated sections of the country: Dr. W. W. Arrasmith, of Grand Island, Nebraska, Vice-Chairman; Weir Cook, Washington, D. C., Director; William M. Jarosch, Amesbury, Massachusetts; Howard C. Knotts, Springfield, Illinois; Harry W. Berdie, San Francisco, California; S. Russell Halley, Rapid City, South Dakota; W. Sumpter Smith, Washington, D. C.

# Look for this TAG-



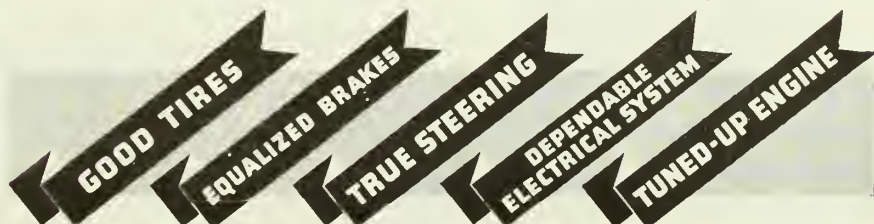
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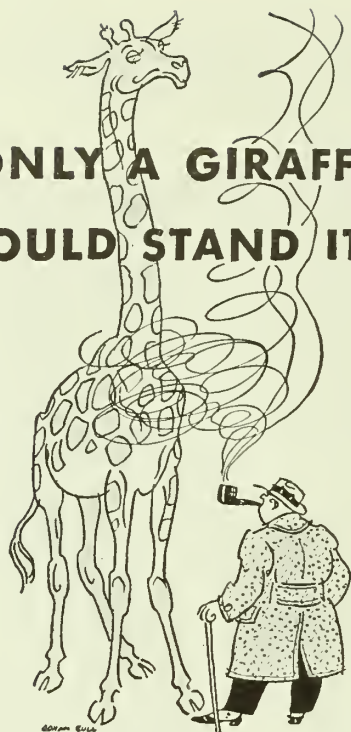




# Tomorrow's Dollars

(Continued from page 25)

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ANYONE with a shorter neck would be bowled over by that never-cleaned pipe and gorilla tobacco. Now, we believe that a pipe is the world's swellest smoke if properly tended and packed with a clean-burning, pleasant-smelling tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter—to use a much abused phrase—is definitely *milder*. It's a well-aged Kentucky Burley mixture that burns cool and slow while giving off a winning fragrance. Try a tin. Giraffes, pygmies, red-blooded men and slim blondes will seek your company and applaud the aroma. 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil.

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committee which exercises a supervisory relation to every major Legion activity. It cuts the Legion's financial cloth to fit the pattern. Sometimes it has to accomplish the miracle of putting a bushel into a peck.

The committee consists of a chairman and two other members, appointed by the National Commander and approved by the National Executive Committee. The National Commander, the National Treasurer and the National Adjutant serve as members ex-officio, and the latter acts as secretary. Besides the author of this article, who is the committee chairman, the members are Edgar B. Dunlap of Georgia and Sam Reynolds of Nebraska. For twelve years, 1922-1934, the patriarchal Wilder Metcalf of Kansas served as chairman of the National Finance Committee, and his distinguished and conscientious leadership has set for all time the tradition of supreme American Legion service.

The National Finance Committee prepares at the beginning of each new Legion year the budget governing all Legion activities for that year. The plan is simple, but its execution has many complexities. In theory, the committee must figure the money available from all sources for expenditure and must then allocate to each division of National Headquarters and each other Legion agency a sum in keeping with its requirements, the total of expenditures not to exceed a limit set by National Convention action.

You probably have read the statement published in the Monthly for February detailing completely the budget for 1936 prepared by the National Finance Committee and approved by the National Executive Committee. You will remember that this was based conservatively upon an estimated membership of 850,000 and a total membership income of \$850,000. Of this sum \$552,500 is set aside for subscriptions to The American Legion Monthly at 65 cents each, leaving \$297,500 of membership dues for general expenses. From other items, general revenue is increased to a total of \$454,960.

The statement shows also that \$163,700 is received from The American Legion Endowment Fund earnings for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare expenses. Income from this source can only be used for the purposes named. In addition, there is \$25,000 given by the Auxiliary for Rehabilitation and \$10,000 by the Auxiliary for special Child Welfare services.

It should be noted that the statement shows a total of \$408,797.84 payable from general revenues (exclusive of Endowment Fund income) as the expenses of the nine main divisions of the national

organization. The head offices of a concern with more than 11,000 branches is bound to be busy all the time. And just consider that every time National Commander Ray Murphy sends a personal letter to the Commanders of the 11,000 Legion posts, the first-class postage bill alone is \$330. There are a good many national activities, and more than three hundred working days in the year, and the Legion has never failed to keep its posts in touch with all central activities.

The National Finance Committee prepared the annual budget at a meeting held in Indianapolis just before the meeting of the National Executive Committee last November. The amounts allocated to each division, such as Americanism, Legislative, Publicity, Rehabilitation and Child Welfare, were based on careful studies of the operation of each division in the preceding years and statements by division heads as to the requirements for the new year. Customarily, the committee finds it necessary to pare down requests all along the line. The National Executive Committee must approve the budget, and any Department representative can find out all the whys and wherefores before he votes yes.

Time has demonstrated the great wisdom which led to the establishment of The American Legion Endowment Fund in 1924 under a plan originated and put into operation by the then National Commander, James A. Drain. This fund stands as the greatest single factor for the future financial independence of The American Legion. The fund of \$5,000,000 was raised by contributions from every Department and, in keeping with the manner in which the money was obtained, a separate body known as The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation was set up to administer the fund as a trust. There are nine trustees of the corporation, elected by the National Executive Committee for overlapping terms of three years each.

The corporation turns over its earnings periodically to the National Treasurer, and by the terms of the trust those earnings can be used only for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare expenses. At present, the greater part of Endowment Fund earnings assigned for Child Welfare work is spent for direct relief, the Legion paying the expenses of operation of the Child Welfare Division from other revenues. A strict requirement is that no payment for Child Welfare direct relief shall be made except upon a conclusive showing that money for relief is available from no other source.

The Endowment Fund Corporation is designed to live as long as the purpose for which it was created exists. When, years hence, the need for the fund shall be deemed no longer to exist, the man



who is then President of the United States will designate to what cause nearest in keeping with the original purpose the fund will be assigned.

The Endowment Fund has suffered little during the depression period. Investments since the beginning have been restricted to United States bonds and securities of States and other political subdivisions. At the last meeting of the Board of Directors it was shown that out of an investment total of \$5,000,000 the defaults on principal and interest amounted to only \$160,000, of which much will eventually be recovered.

From time to time since 1925 the Endowment Fund has been made the beneficiary of Adjusted Compensation Certificates, and it is expected that when the Government distributes the \$50 bonus bonds to holders of certificates, many of the recipients will make contributions to the Endowment Fund.

While the Endowment Fund insures that the Legion will receive each year the substantial sum it needs to carry on its Rehabilitation and Child Welfare work undiminished, the Legion is building up year by year other reserve funds to provide future revenue. You will find in the Statement of Financial Condition two items of restricted capital: The Reserve Fund and the Restricted Fund.

The Reserve Fund has been built up on the nucleus of a trust fund of \$500,000 turned over to The American Legion many years ago by the Y. M. C. A., money which remained from that organization's wartime activities. It has had such substantial accretions as the profit derived from the Paris Convention in 1927. The latest large addition to this fund was the sum of \$703,008.53 in securities turned over to The American Legion by the Legion Publishing Corporation upon the dissolution of the latter corporation. The total of the Reserve Fund, by the last statement, was \$1,170,440. No expenditure can be made from it except by action of the National Executive Committee at two meetings. Earnings are added to the general treasury.

The Restricted Fund was originated by action of the San Antonio National Convention in 1928, specifying that not less than 50 percent of the excess of income over expenditures in any given year must be passed to the Restricted Fund. Earnings of the fund are added to the principal, and money from the Restricted Fund can only be appropriated by action of two meetings of the National Executive Committee.

There is one other restricted fund of the Legion. It is the Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund. Made up in 1923 from contributions received from almost every post in The American Legion, it now consists of \$184,393.46. The income from it has enabled The American Legion to provide each year flowers and wreaths for the graves of all American soldiers buried overseas. (Continued on page 48)

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THEN HE GOT A RAMCO OVERHAUL FOR 50% LESS

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SURE—YOU SEE THE RAMCO OVERHAUL ONLY COST ABOUT \$18—AND WE'VE SAVED THAT IN OIL ALONE—BESIDES GIVING US THOUSANDS OF EXTRA MILES OF PEPPY SERVICE

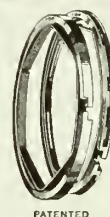
BUT JIM—AN OVERHAUL COSTS \$75! AND WE JUST CAN'T AFFORD THAT NOW.

ARE you tired of driving a noisy, listless car? Are you tired of shelling out money for oil? Thousands of motorists can tell you how to get new car performance and economy—without costing you a penny! They say—"Get a Ramco Overhaul—get that original zip and power—and let oil-savings pay your bill!"

The price? Merely \$18 up—as against old-time rebore charges of \$40 to \$150. And, imagine it—you save \$25 to \$50 yearly on oil and gas alone!

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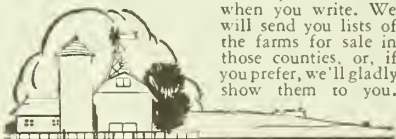
143 acres, Howard County, Missouri; 5-room house tillable and timber, \$2,800.

80 acres, Perry County, Arkansas; 3-room house, tillable, pasture and timber, \$500.

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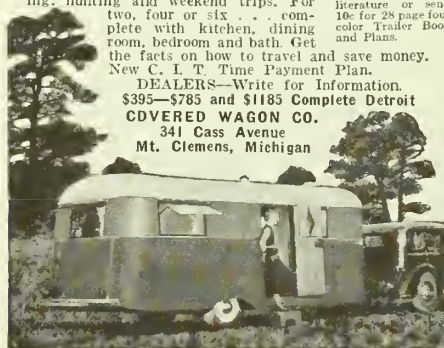
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## Tomorrow's Dollars

(Continued from page 47)

In considering other possible sources of future revenue, we must stress the National Emblem Division and The American Legion Monthly. Neither was established primarily for profit, but each has shown a creditable record of substantial financial returns on its investment, in addition to promoting the strength and prestige of the organization.

The Emblem Division was established to provide emblems, flags and many other articles of constant Legion use at the lowest possible prices consistent with highest quality and the maintenance of uniformity. Because of the vast volume of its sales, it has regularly shown a sizable surplus in each year of its operation. In fourteen years it has made for the national organization net profits of more than \$750,000. Its earnings—as high as \$60,000 in a single year—have greatly simplified the problem of finding the revenue needed for carrying on those activities which are not self-sustaining. The National Finance Committee, in a position particularly to appreciate the importance of this branch of Legion enterprise, looks hopefully for a widened use by all posts and individual Legionnaires of the facilities offered by the Emblem Division. A study of its annual catalogue will indicate many opportunities which you and your friends ought to know about.

The American Legion Monthly will continue to serve the financial interests of The American Legion as it has in the past. In other years the publication had a separate identity known as the Legion Publishing Corporation, and in 1934 and 1935 as such it contributed in each of those years the sum of \$75,000 to the general revenues of the Legion. It did this while it built up its own reserves to

insure the improvement of the magazine and to fortify against possible future unfavorable conditions in the publication field. Pursuant to action of the St. Louis National Convention, the Legion Publishing Corporation has been dissolved, and the Legion Publishing Commission, of which the National Commander is chairman, has been created to continue the publication and distribution of The American Legion Monthly.

In this summary I have, of course, been able to touch only the high spots in indicating how sound is the present financial structure of the Legion and how well it is adapted to meet future changing needs. I hope that nothing I have written may be construed as grounds for false optimism, for we still must face facts and keep on planning for that future day when we shall see our own ranks growing smaller, while at the same time our need for continued activity and service will be even greater than it is today.

If any lesson should stand out from the inspection of the current problem, it is the lesson that we must in these still vigorous years build up our reserve funds, while resisting temptations as they may arise to embark on injudicious programs and those beyond our means. We must particularly beware of the familiar American tendency to mortgage the future. At the same time we must maintain the vigor of our organization by supporting fully those things which hold the loyalty and interest of our own members and win for the Legion the approval and understanding and support of the American public.

In these efforts, the Legion's national problem is only on a larger scale the same problem which every forward-looking post faces in its own community.

## Rainbow's End?—Not Yet

(Continued from page 21)

country at large, this all-embracing composition of the Rainbow brought a stirring realization of the national effort. At first, however, there was some doubt as to the success of the experiment. Two of our infantry regiments, the Fourth Alabama and New York's "Fighting Irish 69th," remembered their old and honorable traditions. They had fought each other in the Civil War and they were ready to do it again during our mobilization at Camp Mills. But when those two regiments were brigaded together and went into action in France, they became the most devoted of side-kicks and helped each other out of many tough spots. A staunch comradeship grew up between all these far-flung outfits, strangers until

they met on the field of battle. Each unit's pride in and desire to be worthy of its own State merged into just such feelings for the whole. It gave us a priceless possession, that strong esprit de corps which was the Rainbow's greatest asset, the mainspring of its achievements. It is that quality which convinces me that, should the need arise again, Uncle Sam would be wise to form his National Guard divisions by the method used for the Rainbow—from the United States at large.

On August 1, 1917, the War Department directed the formation of the 42d Division. By May 12, 1919, it had been returned to the United States and demobilized, with a service record on which



were written four major operations: Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne; four defensive sectors: Lunéville, Baccarat, Esperance-Souain, and Essey-Pannes. Fourteen enemy officers, 1,303 men, 25 cannon, and 495 machine guns were captured. A total advance on the front line of 55 kilometers was made, and 14,683 casualties were suffered. Five Medals of Honor, 271 D.S.C.'s, and 18 D.S.M.'s were won, along with citations, ranging from divisional to individual, and many foreign decorations.

Such is the bare, official record. It need not be much elaborated here, for, as Alexander Woolcott once remarked, "To paint the Rainbow is to paint the lily." Yet any veteran will understand if I in no vainglorious spirit recall briefly, as our history will in detail, some of the dramatic occasions stamped on the memories of us of the Rainbow.

The Baccarat Sector. May, 1917, about midnight. A tremendous concussion shakes the whole sector. One hundred German gas projectors hurl phosgene, arsenic, mustard into our positions. Many masks are blown off by the explosions of the gas bombs. Though casualties are heavy, we man the parapets and throw back the raid. Green leaves are turned ashen white by the gas and vegetation blighted within an area of three miles. When the enemy tries it again later, we throw back a second assault.

Then the Champagne. The Rainbow takes over part of the French army front under General Gouraud. Unnatural quiet reigns through early July. Signs point to a terrific German attack in preparation. The code signal that the attack is about to break is "Francois 570." July 14th, Bastille Day, the French national holiday, passes into its night. Suspense draws nerves taut. A daring French raid brings back prisoners who reveal that the attack is set for midnight. General Gouraud withdraws all troops from his front line, leaving only a few supremely gallant Frenchmen—sacrifice machine gunners. Over the phone comes the fateful signal: "Francois 570." Fifteen minutes before midnight every gun on our front, French and American, opens up, catching the Germans massed in their trenches. "The stars were snuffed out," wrote one of our historians, "and the skies turned in blotches and splashes and flashes to red, yellow, and green. The surface of the earth was like a shaking table. Back of the line of the Monts there was a perfect ribbon of flame and, out of the void, where was the Montagne de Rheims, the gun flashes loosed a matchless nocturnal rainbow." For ten hours the surging waves of the German assault break on our infantry, which hurls them back with bullet and bayonet. At last, scourged by the guns, the gray tide ebbs back in defeat.

Followed the Ourcq, the Rainbow's bloodiest battle, (Continued on page 50)

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We will mail 5 test packets, one each above pictured flower Novelties, to one person in a family only, if STAMP is enclosed for postage, Canada 10c. MILLS Free Seed Book is included with each lot. Many Novelties and Specialties (155 in color). 25c Discount on every \$1.00 order.

Send your address with STAMP to-day for your 5 Free Test Packets before all are taken. This offer will not appear again in this paper. F. B. MILLS Seed Grower, Box 73, Rose Hill, N.Y.

# Rainbow's End?—Not Yet

(Continued from page 49)

and the Vesle, after which the Division was withdrawn from the front for the first and last time. Then that exhilarating rush which pinched out the St. Mihiel salient. The Meuse-Argonne and the desperate and successful storming of a key bastion of the Kriemhilde Stellung line. Finally an advance on Sedan and the Armistice.

Peaceful days in Germany, as part of the Army of Occupation, brought a longing for home, a longing which grew so intense that when the word came, some of our outfits pitched in and coaled the *Leviathan* to get home quicker. But that tour of duty in Germany never will be regretted, since it was there that the Rainbow Division Veterans' Association was formed, the earliest of the divisional associations.

Our first national convention was set for July 13-14-15, 1919, at Birmingham, Alabama, and we were home in time to hold it. Both generals and buck privates

have served as presidents of the association.

We never have failed to hold an annual reunion since and they have come to mean more and more to us. The dates always include July 14th, that day made memorable for us in France. At 11.45, that night, the moment when our guns thundered forth, there strikes what we know as "The Champagne Hour." Such jollity as has reigned before subsides into reverent silence. Father Duffy led it as long as he lived, and now I lead a solemn and a tender ritual in memory of our comrades who have gone before. Rainbow men everywhere, wherever they may be, observe it.

And always thus far during our reunions a rainbow has spanned the sky, bringing memories of the days when we felt as must the veterans of the Roman Emperor Constantine who, too, beheld a sign above and heard the charge, "In this sign, conquer!"

# The Reds Look to Youth

(Continued from page 13)

road to power." Participation in elections served the purpose of "gradualism," which is another word for boring-in.

Gradualism would utilize elections as one method of educating the masses in Socialism in conjunction with spreading the light by boring into trades unions, religious teaching and welfare organizations. The Red dream is that one day there will be an immense body of Red-minded who will fall in line at the opportune moment when leadership takes the "direct road to power." This must inevitably lead to violence unless those called "professional patriots" by the Reds will accept the red in place of the American flag.

The New York meeting also convinced me of the error of one common impression. It is that we can stop Red activities by deporting aliens.

Under the heading of "anarchists and kindred classes" we have deported only 218 persons in the last eleven years. The largest number was 74 in 1933 and the lowest 1 in 1927, '28 and '29. There were 20 in 1934, and there may be more this year owing to the Gallup plot.

The danger of deportation (in many cases back to Soviet Russia) has kept many aliens from active association with the Reds. A Red citizen of the United States may not be deported. No country wants him, not even Russia, unless forced to take him because he is a citizen or subject of that country.

According to the latest Communist

statement a large majority of their dues-paying members are American citizens. Not only are most of the leaders of the Socialists and Communists American citizens, but American born.

Earl Browder, born in Kansas, sprang from the pioneering American stock which migrated westward from the Atlantic seaboard. The name Browder is Welsh and he is purely of blood of the British Isles. His formal schooling ended at ten, but after that he continued his studies under his father, who had been a schoolmaster.

That Garden audience, representative of both Red factions, was urban American. Two-thirds must have been American born or have come to America as children. As the thousands poured in at the entrances relatively few were speaking broken English.

They were far removed from the foreign atmosphere of a Red gathering; immediately after the end of the World War. We have always to keep in mind that the man who was twenty then is now on the edge of forty, the boy of three old enough to vote. I should say that the average age of the twenty thousand avid Reds at the Garden meeting was nearer thirty than forty.

Youth predominated. The recent Seventh Congress of the Communist Internationale stressed the youth movement. Youth of the future are looked to as forming the front of Red victory.

The education of youth in the Socialist

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City ..... State .....

A. L. M. 36



theory runs counter to the teaching which children get at their mother's knee. Under the Stars and Stripes—under the flag which floats over our schools and stands for the “decaying social order” and the freedom of speech so fully enjoyed at the Garden meeting—one may not only advocate any political policy but any kind of religion or no religion, or try setting up a religion of his own. For that privilege our fathers fought. Successive generations have defended it. Under the Red flag, which was so conspicuously present, there is no freedom of speech, and “religion is the opiate of the people.”

It is safe to say that not one out of five of that Garden crowd had retained any faith in the existence of a supreme spiritual being. Atheism and Marxism go hand-in-hand. Soviet Russia has proceeded on that principle in destroying the church.

In answer to their questions in a discussion with a group of students of the Union Theological Seminary on February 15, 1935, Earl Browder said that people with religious beliefs would be accepted into the party in the conviction that their beliefs would be gradually eliminated in “the new society, the Socialist society.”

Thus the masses with religious beliefs who accepted Sovietism might aid in bringing about the revolution. But no one with strong religious beliefs could be given an important position in the Party.

“What objection,” he was asked, “would you have to a group of ministers proclaiming that God is a revolutionary God definitely working for the establishment here on earth of a Communist co-operative society?”

“It would represent one step in the emancipation from religion. Religion does not enter into the dialectical materialist system of thought. It is the enemy of it. One cannot be a thorough materialist and have any remnants of religious belief.”

He said that there were no values at all in the religious spirit. Institutionalized religion (the church) was the particular enemy utilized by the present rulers for strengthening the present regime.

“We communists try to do the opposite of what religion does,” Browder said, and he also stated: “You may be interested to know that we have preachers, preachers active in churches, who are members of the Communist Party.”

Boring in! Gradualism! In this discussion Browder held out the prospect which characterizes all Red agitprop—“not to wait for any supposed reward in heaven, but to create a heaven on earth; that is, to get those things which they dream about as good things, to realize them in the life.”

Youths bearing red arm bands on which was printed “Young Socialists” were ushers at the Garden meeting. Before me is a pile of propaganda literature to youth by both parties. I will quote from *Happy Days for* (Continued on page 52)

APRIL, 1936



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# The Reds Look to Youth

(Continue from page 51)



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**BROOKS COMPANY, 150 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

*American Youth in a Soviet America*, by Max Weiss. It comes from the Workers Library, which is represented in sixty Workers' bookstores throughout the United States.

Our Soviet government would immediately put into full operation all plants, machinery and farms. At one stroke it would abolish all unemployment.

"Every young worker has at one time or another dreamt of being able to pick out his job, a job suited to his abilities and liking—and then apply and get that job. This dream would become a reality." Untold wealth would fall into the laps of the American people.

Short hours of labor, time to dance and play, labor no longer a distasteful job but joyful activity—all this in the future Soviet America, according to agitprop. The road would be open to high government office for the youth of Soviet America. In short, anything you want is yours once America goes Red.

This is the virus for injection by the whispered word if not in loud tones, between the lines if not in the lines of Red talk and pamphlets. Gil Green, chief of the Young Communist League, who was an American delegate to the Seventh Congress of the Communist International at Moscow, in his *Unity of Youth* tells the method of boring into schools and colleges, the CCC camps and all the youth organizations.

Young Communist Leaguers must enter these organizations, not with a purpose of destroying or weakening them but of strengthening and transforming them into centers of united front struggle. Green states that in less than a year 175 units have been built in mass youth organizations "to anchor the united front down below." Some of the Red youth pamphlets circulate as high as 200,000 copies.

Thus the Reds bored into the American Youth Congress. It represents, I am told, 79 distinct organizations and 1,700,000 youth. At the first Congress in 1934 in New York City, Arthur Clifford, Communist, complained that it was in the hands of antagonistic influences. But by the time of the Second Congress at Detroit last summer the new policy of the united front had overcome scepticism. As a politic concession to religion it was agreeable to religious services at the Sunday session of the Congress.

Reverend Harry F. Ward, pro-Soviet—chairman of an organization which I shall mention in a later article and of which Earl Browder is a vice-president—was the speaker. There was no hymn or music, no readings from the Bible. Devout Christians considered the service a parody on Christianity.

From the same platform at the Congress both August Tyler, for the Socialist

Party, and Clarence Hathaway, editor of the Communist *Daily Worker*, spoke for their causes to prolonged applause. Another speaker, according to Reverend E. J. Rollings, declared that Abraham Lincoln was a friend of Karl Marx.

When did they meet? It happens that Lincoln was never in Europe and Marx never out of Europe, which seems a poor argument in favor of supplanting the Lincolnian system in the United States with the Soviet-Marxian system.

The Congress adopted resolutions of which Red gradualism approved. Almost their exact language appears in Young Pioneer propagandic pamphlets. They were published in one which was a broadside of contempt for the projected jamboree of the Boy Scouts in Washington.

From top to bottom, from childhood to youth, gradualism plays for its openings to make the next generation red-minded. Intellectual curiosity among educators requires that the Soviet experiment be analyzed and explained. This leads to advocacy instead of instruction in its influence on young minds. Professorial forums are held in which consuls of the Soviet Union give their views of Soviet progress toward an earthly paradise.

The Young Pioneers are the Communist Party's substitute for the Boy Scouts. They have their book of songs. "Red star our emblem, keep us strong and steady, we are young comrades always ready." A parody on "Hinky-dinky, parley vous" runs, "The cops are having a hell of a time, parley vous," another "The kids are having a wonderful time in Russia where they are proud and free."

"The very oath of the Scout pledges him to do his duty to God and his country—which means to fight without questioning for the wars in the interest of the bosses and not the workers," says a Young Pioneer leaflet.

Since The American Legion is also for God and country instead of for Lenin and Soviet Russia and its Americanism Commission is always on guard, this part of a letter written by Olga P. must have rejoiced the editor of the *New Pioneer*, a magazine for Boys and Girls which printed it in a recent issue:

"When The American Legion has its convention they become so drunk they chase women down alleys, tear up restaurants and turn whole towns upside down."

All the pictures out of Russia are the ones that the authorities want printed. What is an average every-day achievement in America is played up as wonderful because it is Russian.

How do we know that the samples are in any sense characteristic? A Russian



with a passport may travel freely through the United States to see for himself, but not so an unbiased observer in Russia.

It does not occur to Red propaganda to mention that any one of five or six States in the United States has more bathtubs, radios, telephones and pleasure automobiles than all Russia.

Agitprop gives nothing under our system any credit. All is bad. Liberals of both old political parties and all their liberal measures are damned. Much is made of our ruthless imperialism in ruling island peoples. But there is never any mention that we are giving the Philippines their freedom.

Youth in our regular public schools who have been made Red-minded and weaned from church affiliations may attend one of the numerous workers schools. Before me is one of their regular question guides, all for training in Soviet doctrine, and also more than 150 questions as a guide to the study of the speeches delivered at the Seventh Congress of the Communist International. And before me is a list of books for students to read. With few exceptions they are of Russian origin; the exceptions are books by American Communists.

Once the left-wing Socialists have a head start as partner in the United Front they will probably be as profuse in stalwart agitprop as the Communists. Both parties refer to the revolutionary struggle as the same as that of Washington's soldiers in '76. But no honor is ever paid to Washington or any other patriot father. The glory is for Lenin and Stalin. Both agitprops insist that the Boy Scouts, and of course The American Legion, if they had lived in 1776, would have been on the side of King George.

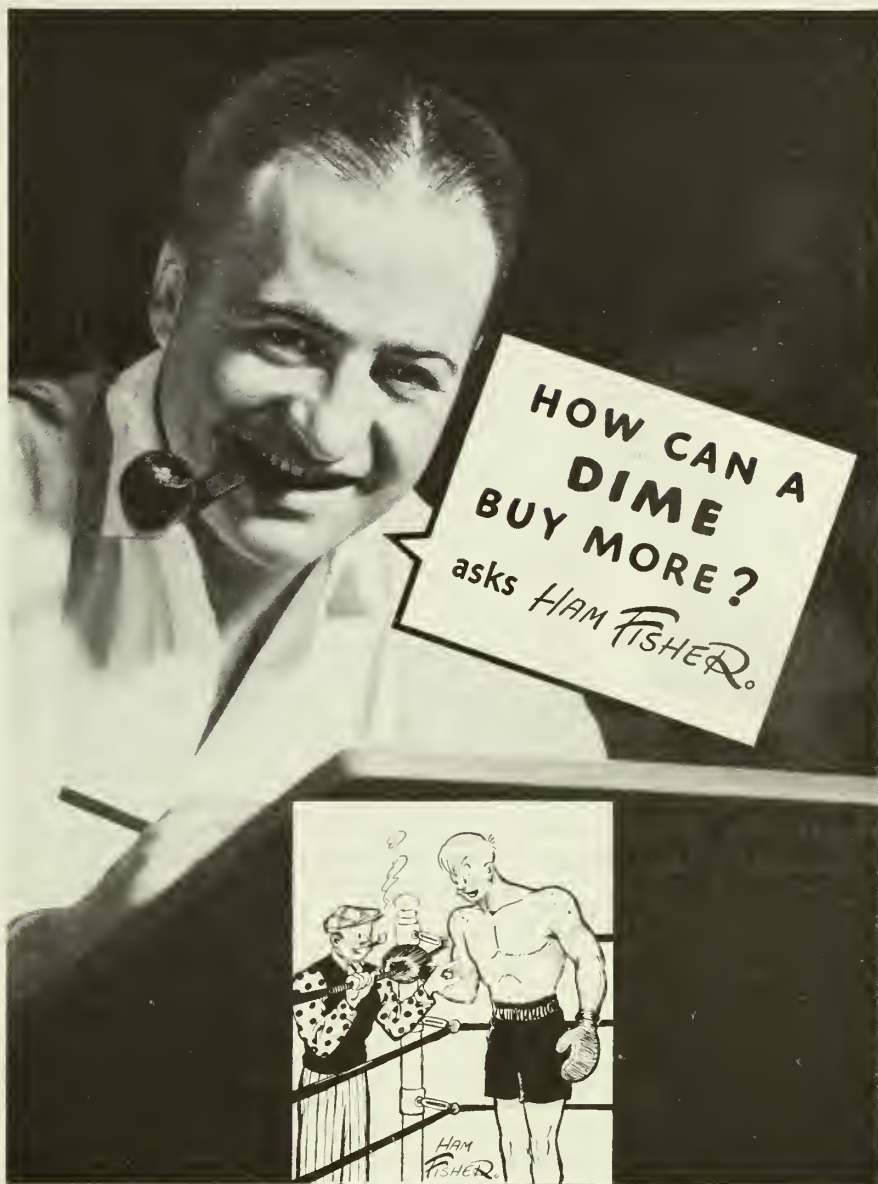
Out of Russia's 170,000,000 people some 1,200,000 are members of the Communist Party. These are the Comrades, the bosses.

Stalin is the supreme boss at the head of the inner council of bosses. Theirs is the wealth of power and privilege. They are fascist in that they do not believe that the masses are fit to rule themselves in a nation as a whole. How many citizens will ever be guests at that luxurious new skyscraper hotel in Moscow? Active Comrades in the American movement may dream of the day when they will be bosses in Soviet America.

In that Soviet America it seems that all our savings bank accounts and insurance policies will go into a common pot. This is contrary to the present American system with its long human experience. Peasant pressure, however, required the ruling of the Soviet high command that all the members of collective farm groups shall have eternal rights in assigned plots and may transfer them to their heirs.

*The fourth and final article in Frederick Palmer's series on radicalism in America will appear in an early issue.*

APRIL, 1936



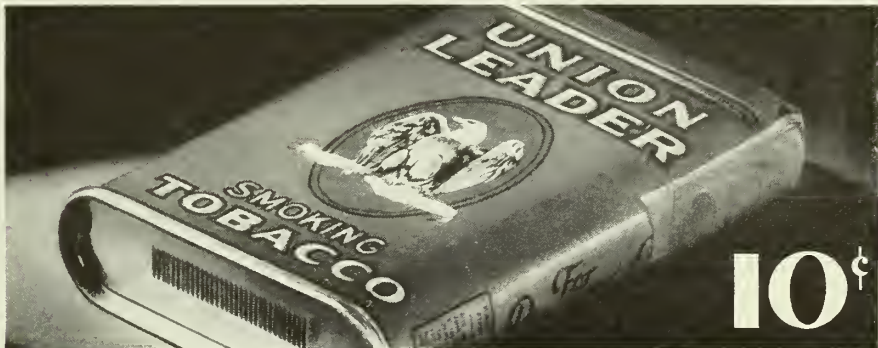
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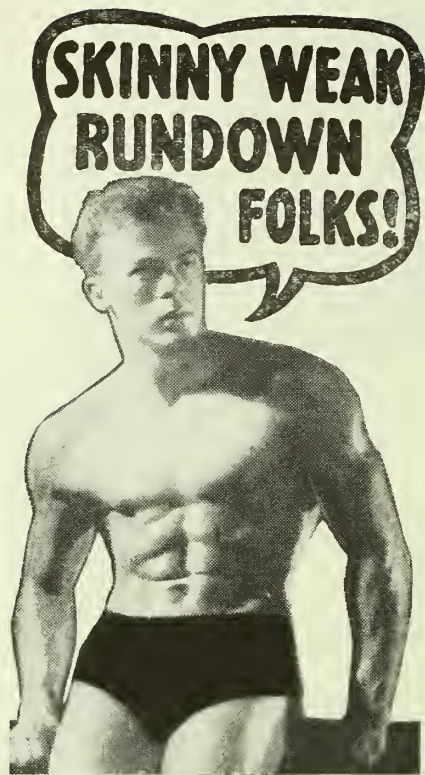
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## Would I Go Again? ~ Oh, Lady!

(Continued from page 11)

one making a noise half an hour before reveille. When I was first sergeant I was going to stop it.

When the company was formed in front of the barracks it ran clear away out into the public street of Plattsburg, because we were over two hundred strong. The littlest guys were on that far end, and being small, and being also scoffers and scorners, they would deliberately and with malice aforethought execute all commands about ten seconds late, so that presenting arms looked like a wave from the ocean rolling up the front of the company. I was going to stop that. I went around sounding off to that effect, because I was a great guy for running off at the mouth in those days, and I hadn't yet learned the many and great advantages of piping down.

So then it came my turn to be first sergeant of the company. And among the first, too, because it was known that I had had a lot of military experience. Anyone that didn't know it must have been deaf as a hadlock. Well, it was my turn. But the laugh was on me, because it was on a Saturday. Huh. The guy that was first sergeant on Saturday had to carry over until Monday. He couldn't go out of camp at all, and had to stick around the barracks like a watchman. Mind you, lady, we weren't allowed out of that camp during the week at all. Every night we were marched to the gymnasium to study our lessons for the next day, so that we looked forward to Saturday as the hart panteth after the water brooks. So here was Saturday, and I was first sergeant. We didn't drill on Saturday; we had weekly inspection. The Regular Army officer in command of the company inspected rifles, equipment, and quarters. After inspection was over we were free to leave. All but the first sergeant. I was wild. But I promised myself I'd make that company sweat blood before I was through with them.

A'right. Twenty minutes before reveille, up gets Trinket and goes clattering around the barracks with iron heels like the Four Horsemen of the Appendix.

"Hey, you!" said I, "where d'yuh think you are, on a raft? People here like to sleep! Yuh think we left home to have our rest disturbed by some sub-calibre mistake like you? Well, we didn't! You just park your breach-mechanism in that bunk until first call blows, if you don't want it damaged by fair wear and tear in the public service! Understand? I'm blankety blank sick of you and a lot of Johns like you turning this squad room into a boiler factory every morning!" So he went back to bed.

At reveille the small fry in the ump-teenth squad were having some little

song among themselves, so just before assembly blew I addressed them as follows: "Hey! Inch high! The command was 'Attention!' Dig out your ears, God bless it, I want to hear those back-bones click!"

Yeh, I put the fear into 'em! When we had inspection later, I made 'em do inspection arms three times, until I got every one of the two hundred-odd coming up one-two-three! I gave 'em hell a couple of times on the way to mess, too, just for the good of their souls. It was all over too soon. If I could have had that company for a week I'd have made men out of 'em! Well, no matter. Came Saturday afternoon, and everybody beat it. No one came home to supper, nor later. They had a theater down in the town where burly shows used to hold forth. The entire two regiments would crowd their way into that theater and just raise the well-known.

They would hoot and howl and applaud and scream and shout and beat on the floor and break up the show and make the poor burly girls kick until their legs nearly fell off and sing until they were breathless, and defy the M. P.'s or anyone else to stop them. I had wanted particularly to go, but no hope. They had a hundred girls in the show that week, and when the curtain fell on the last act the manager came out and invited the audience up on the stage to pick their girl. I heard about it afterward. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg had nothing on it. The first four guys on the stage got their names taken before the snooper was trampled under, and these four got kicked out of Plattsburg. Conduct unbecoming an officer, in that they did dance with common women in a public place, to the scandal and disgrace, this, on or about. That's the way court-martial charges read, lady. I mention this at length, because later on I saw some officers behaving to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, and if all that danced with common women in public places had been kicked out of the Army we wouldn't have had any officer personnel left. Not in the higher ranks, anyway.

Yes, yes, I know, I'm telling you why I went to war. I'm coming right to it. Sunday I got fed up with hanging around an empty barracks, and eating cold liverwurst for dinner because the cooks were all away about their pleasures, so I got out my best tailormade, or "Sterling" uniform as we called them at Norwich, complete with cap, spurs, leather reinforcements on my leggings, and sallied out for a "pasear." That's a Spanish word, lady, that means in the Army to walk up and down with your chest out and your eyes open, ready to make a bow to any lady you happen to meet.

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



The first one I met was very nice, only she had this wart named Trinket on one arm. 'Member him? I didn't like him. There was I, all glittering, wearing an expert rifleman's badge, with "pistol shot, first class" on a bar over it, and with the visor of my cap nearly cutting my nose off, and there was he, all in his Fourth of July cord and cotton blouse that he could take on and off over his head without unbuttoning it, it was so big.

"Hi, Trinket," said I. "Done your good deed for the day yet?"

He got it. He ground his teeth, but said nothing. I went on, smiling easily to myself. I was pretty steaming, lady, in those days.

"Here! You in the cap! Just a minute!"

Behold, there was one of the Regular Army instructors, with a face like the Rock of Ages. He looked like a lion about to leap. I saluted with my best flourish.

"Are you a candidate for commission?" he bites off at me. "You are? Then why are you not in proper uniform?"

"Sir, I think this uniform is very fine!"

"Well, I don't. Caps are not authorized! Remove that one! Report to your quarters immediately and change your clothes. You shall hear from me, my man!"

Yeh, lady, I heard from him. Tuesday morning. It was Trinket had tipped him off. Maybe if I hadn't sneered at Trinket when he was with his girl he wouldn't have told old Battle Axe that I was out of uniform. Maybe. He was poison, that guy. My company commander sent for me, and what did he read me! He had a charge-sheet as long as my arm!

"Disturbance before reveille Saturday morning." Reported by Captain Battle Axe, commanding the next barracks. That was me bawling out Trinket for making a noise.

"Profane language at reveille in addressing the company." Reported by Snooper Trinket. That was me bawling out the little guys at the end of the line.

"Dirty rifle at Saturday inspection." Reported by himself. Not guilty.

"Away from quarters Sunday afternoon while on duty." Reported by himself. That was when I took my "pasear."

"Wearing improper uniform on the reservation Sunday afternoon." Reported by Battle Axe.

In addition, there was a charge of conduct unbecoming reported by Trinket in that I did ask him if he had done his good deed for the day, this in the presence of a lady I did not know.

What did they do to me, lady? Well, I had to appear before a board of officers to determine my fitness to continue. They asked me a few desultory questions, then the president of the board made a little speech about proper uniform, even if it didn't fit, and mildness in giving commands, and (Continued on page 56)

APRIL, 1936

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## Would I Go Again? ~ Oh, Lady!

(Continued from page 55)

obeying my superiors—meaning Trinket—even if they were younger than I. Then he went on to say that he had inquired about me and that it appeared that I was a scornor and a scoffer, and that at Norwich I had been an “instigator” also, and had tormented and bedeviled a poor professor nearly to death, and so I wasn't fit to hold a commission in the Army of the United States.

I found out afterward, lady, because this same officer was with my regiment during the war—which, among others, is the reason I always stayed a sergeant—that I was supposed to do a little bending of the knee, and promising to be good, but I was an awful sap, and told them that I had come into the war to fight the Germans, that I would fight them as an officer or as an enlisted man it was immaterial to me. I said that I had only tried to make this John outfit snap out of it, and that it would not, so I would be off to the wars on my own hook, and Plawtsburg and all its kind might stew in their baloney juice. All the officers gave me a grin after that. So I signed on the bottom line and turned in my equipment, and fled away across Lake Champlain to Fort Ethan Allen, to enlist in the cavalry, and wear a yellow hat-cord and spurs and ride a horse every day and twice on Sundays if I so desired.

Yeh, but when I got there I found out why all the officers on the trial board had given me the smile. Enlistments in the Regular Army had been closed. They wouldn't take you. A guy could be full of all the war-like enthusiasm in the world, he couldn't get in the Army. Just sit down and wait to be invited. Mind you, I'd got out of being kicked out of college to go to war, and I couldn't go back in six weeks and say the Army wouldn't have me. I'd never had a job in my life, so I couldn't go to work.

Well, lady, then and there I found out that the angels watch over fools and drunkards, I being in the first category. The War Department was going to form two new regiments of cavalry, under the provisions of the National Defense Act, and the commandant of cadets at Norwich was going to be lieutenant colonel of one of them, the Eighteenth. So I went to see him.

“Now, Nason,” said he, when I had finished my sound-off, “I'm going to wire to Washington for authority to enlist you. You're a dam' good soldier, but fresh as wet paint and twice as unpleasant! The Regular Army is no place to stage electrical experiments, get me? Don't go offering prizes to any of these enlisted men to bring skunks to non-com's school. This is wartime. Now, that's all. You go over to A Troop and they'll feed you until we hear from Washington.”

Yes, lady, they got authority to enlist me. I was sitting on a bunk one day, waiting for chow call to go, when they sent for me to come down to the orderly room. There was a doctor there, mad as heck.

“So you're the mug they got special authority to enlist, hey?” he growls. “I have to be late for lunch to come over here! Open your mouth! Close it! How tall are you? Hair brown, eyes brown. How much you weigh? Now just let's have a little look—all right, hold up your hand so help you Cod—take it down again, you're in! I'm ten minutes late for lunch!”

“Well,” said I to the first sergeant—he and I had been quite chummy the last couple of days—“that was easy enough, wasn't it? Do you suppose I'm really in the Army?”

“Dam' right!” he barked. “Now get the hell out of here, you ding-danged recruit, what the hell yuh mean hangin' around the orderly room?”

Now in closing, as they say, I just want to make a few remarks about Trinket. Came a day late in the summer when they graduated all the earnest endeavorers from Plattsburg. Some of them were assigned to the Regular Army as provisional second lieutenants, and of these some came to the three cavalry regiments at Ethan Allen. The 18th and 19th had been made into field artillery then, as I remember, so they got field artillery officers, while the Second got the cavalry enthusiasts. Naturally there were a lot of my former classmates at Norwich that joined the Second. There were one or two from classes below me, men that we called “scurvy rooks” at Norwich.

It doesn't mean anything, lady—it's a general term applied to anyone that has had less military training than the applicator. Well, these scurvy rooks, to say nothing of some of my own gang, knowing that I was with the 18th Unhorsed Horse, used to come over to our camp, and stand around where I'd be going about my duties, so that I'd have to salute them. This was taken in good part by all, because I knew as long as I didn't show any annoyance the thing would fall to earth of its own weight. Also, I had ruthlessly slammed some of those birds in the mill during the Mexican affair the summer before, and I knew they would take the keenest delight in turning me in for disrespect to them now.

In the Army, lady, a soldier is confined at once—or was—for the slightest infraction of the rules, and the expression for the operation of confinement is “slammed in the mill.” In the Border Mobilization I was the only man in my class to hold non-commissioned rank, and one of the few cadets to wear stripes.



Some of my gang—and upper classmen, too—thought to hold me and my rank in contempt, but after one or two of them found themselves on the inside looking out with a summary court in prospect, the interest in that sort of thing kind of died. But now the shoes being on the other feet—ah, well, it was all in good fun, and I was glad that none of these ex-cadets was in my regiment anyway.

Well, now, of a Sunday, I forgot my better judgment and went over to the post to a polo game. Who should I run into, right smack off the bat, but a certain group, to wit, The Cheeseboy—he had gone into the Marines and was on leave—Full Pack Sam, Black Mike, My-Man-Olaf, and another one of Zeek's former tormentors, a lad called Spit-in-the-Mitt. I tried to avoid them the minute I saw them, but they saw me too soon.

"Hey! Sergeant! Just a minute there!"

Oh, lady! Well, I went over, with as frozen a face as I could muster.

"You!" barks Full Pack Sam. "How long you been in the service?"

"A month and a half, sir," said I. He knew darn well how long I'd been in!

"Well, you look it! Where'd you get that slimy uniform? That issue?"

Since it was my tailor-made Sterling that got me kicked out of Plattsburg, and since Sam had pledged his immortal soul the year before to get one like it, I didn't think it was so slimy, but didn't say anything.

"Sullen brute, isn't he?" remarks Olaf. "They must be hard up for non-coms in the 18th!"

"Got an official name yet?" snaps Full Pack.

You see, lady, at Norwich when a freshman comes there they give him a little piece of poetry written by an upper classman, which the newcomer must recite on demand. This poetry is called "The Official Name." It suddenly occurred to me that Full Pack Sammy had delivered himself into my hand, because this was the Regular Army, in time of war, and no newly-hatched shave-tail can take a sergeant to one side and make a bum out of him with impunity.

"Sir," said I, "what would you do if you commanded a regiment of the Regular Army and one of your non-coms wrote you a letter that some Plattsburg graduate had been horsing him publicly?"

Well, they all looked a little sad.

"Nah, Steamer," said Spit-in-the-Mitt—Steamer was my old Norwich nickname—"we're only kiddin'. How do you like the Army?"

"Swell," said I, "except the quarters are a little crowded."

"You ought to see us," moaned Olaf, "they've got eight of us in the same room at the Bachelors Club!"

Suddenly into the group walks Trinket, complete with new uniform, riding crop, and moustache. (Continued on page 58)



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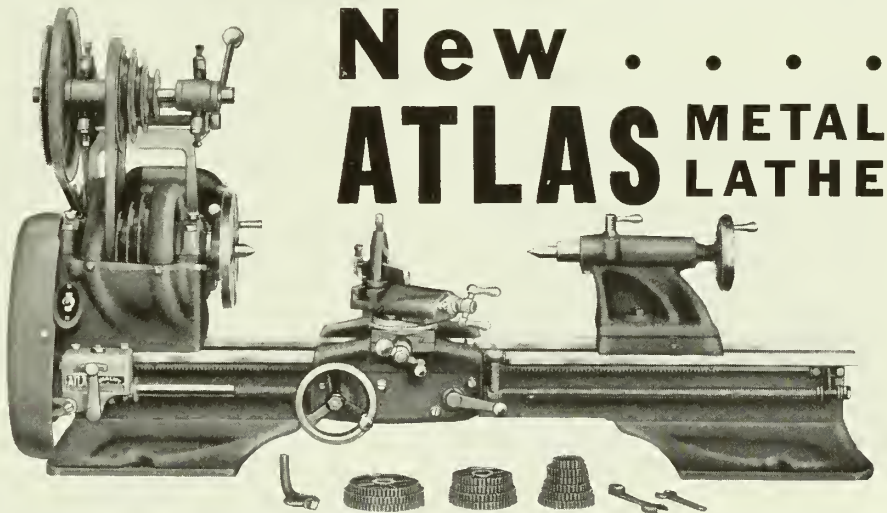
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## Would I Go Again? ~ Oh, Lady!

(Continued from page 57)

I didn't know he'd been assigned to the Second. Suppose I'd got him in the 18th! Well, he gives me a sneer.

"Stand at attention!" he snaps. "Don't you salute officers?"

That made the other boys mad. We were all Norwich men at heart, what the heck!

"I'm ranking officer here!" said The Cheeseboy coldly. He was a first lieutenant. "Sergeant Nason has already rendered the necessary courtesies!"

So Trinket wanders away, and Full Pack Sam allowed that the drinks were on him, and if I would come to quarters 7A after retreat he would see that we could grapple with as many bottles of distilled juice of the grain as we cared to take on, catch-as-catch-can and no holds barred. But Trinket kept wandering around, and took every occasion to pass within saluting distance of me so that I'd have to get up and give him a good old Number 4 every time he went by. They call a salute a "Number 4," lady, because of the angle a guy's arm makes with his cap. He looks like a walking 4, if he does it right.

Well, that night, after it was dark, I went from our camp over to the post, and was walking down Officers Row when I was hailed.

"You! Hey, there! Yes, you! Don't you salute officers?"

Lady, you won't believe it, but it was Trinket. Come to my arms, beamish boy! It was dark, there wasn't a soul in sight, and the sentinel on horseback that rode the officers line had just gone by, headed for the far end of the reservation.

"Trinket, little man," said I gently, "come here. I've been wanting to meet you like this a long time." So I took hold of him by the breast of his blouse.

"I'll have you shot for this!" he began to gurgle. "You'll go to Leavenworth for the rest of your life!"

"Not without witnesses!" said I. "Even in wartime! Trinket, you little excrescence, you haven't got enough military ability in your whole body to make a pimple on a good soldier's neck. Never pull your rank unless you're sure you can get away with it! Now if I slap your ears for you?"

"I'll call for help!"

"Go ahead!" said I. "It will be your word against mine, and I can prove you tried to ride me this afternoon. Now, Trinket, let me remind you that this Regular Army is going to war, and that in action a bullet from behind kills just as quickly as one from the front. They don't hold autopsies, either. Get me?"

"Bah!" he rages. "I'll have you in irons!"

"There are five officers of this garrison that will swear that at this moment I was sitting by their fireside! Beat it, Trinket. We're all soldiers now, and if I wasn't a good one, I'd slap your ears for you." So then we parted.

I was told afterwards that he did go around and consult as to what he had better do, I having given him a kick where it would do the most good, but the consensus of opinion was that all the Norwich men would stick together, and he had no way of proving his charges, so that was the end of it. So he never tried to horse me again, and neither did anyone else.

Yes, lady, as you say, I had a rough enough time without my friends riding me. I had plenty of enemies, and real ones, too. I could tell you a lot about what fun it is for a college man to be a recruit in a hard-boiled Regular Army outfit, and find himself promoted to ser-

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If a veteran has an outstanding loan against his certificate, he should submit his application for conversion to the Regional Office of the Veterans Administration from which the loan was made. A veteran who has no outstanding loan against his certificate should send his application, together with his Adjusted Compensation Certificate, to the Veterans Administration Regional Office nearest his place of residence. Veterans who have loans outstanding with banks should send their applications to the Central Office, United States Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.



geant the next day. Lady, there were guys in that outfit with three enlistments in, that had been watching that vacancy for sergeant for weeks, wondering which one would get it. I got it. Gee, did they express their feelings for me! And did the other sergeants above me do the same thing! And seeing that I didn't have a friend in the outfit, did the privates try to buck me! Well, lady, that will be for another evening. I don't want to wear your ear out.

What's that? I haven't answered your question? Well, so I haven't. You wanted to know if I'd go to war again. You answer it for me. If I were twenty-two and single, and somebody offered me a free trip to Paris with an indefinite stay, what do you think I'd say? Now, lady!

*Another episode in the military career of Mr. Nason will appear in a forthcoming issue.*

## Where the Heart Is

(Continued from page 29)

attended the convention will remember the bronze tablet which now marks the building as the birthplace of the Legion.

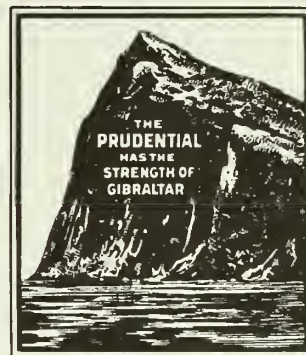
The post has attracted as members many service men who had not previously belonged to the Legion. St. Louis, like other large cities, finds its membership problem different from that of smaller communities in which most eligible service men join their local posts and remain members continuously. In larger cities it is easier for men to lose contacts. Many coming from elsewhere do not find the opportunity to make new associations. The industrial type of post welcomes these men. In proof of this, Mr. Danner reports that questionnaires sent to all his company's employees just before the convention brought favorable replies from 140 men and the outfit has started 1936 with more than 130 members.

### Cleveland Convention

THE New York City committee which will ask the Cleveland National Convention in September to name New York City as the 1937 Legion convention city is going to give one Legionnaire a free trip to the Cleveland convention. At the meeting of the National Executive Committee in May, one Department will receive the honor of presenting this free trip to one of its members. It must present the trip to that Legionnaire who adds the greatest number of members. This will include a round-trip railroad ticket from any place in the United States, hotel room for four days and \$8 a day as expenses in Cleveland. (Continued on page 60)

APRIL, 1936

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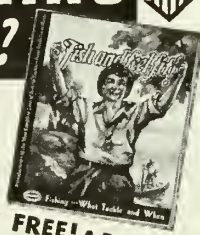
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# Where the Heart Is

(Continued from page 59)

Another movement calculated to awaken early interest in the Cleveland Convention has been suggested by Legionnaire C. H. Richardson, Executive Secretary of the Sandusky (Ohio) Chamber of Commerce. He urges that all transcontinental motor highway associations campaign to let motorists know of the beauty spots which can be seen by those driving to and from Cleveland.

His own city, like Cleveland, is a key point on U. S. Route 6, the Roosevelt Highway, and Mr. Richardson believes many Legionnaires would be added to convention-goers if they were told of the scenery along Route 6 in the Pennsylvania mountains and on the shore of Lake Erie in Ohio.

# Roll Call

**DUDLEY M. STEELE**, author of "Down With Those Wires," is chairman of the Legion's National Aeronautics Commission and a Past Commander of Aviators Post of Los Angeles. Manager of the Aviation Division of the Rich-

field Oil Company of California since 1927, he has flown in company planes more than 35,000 miles in the interests of The American Legion and his transport license shows more than 4,700 hours of flying. He regularly pilots leading Legionnaires of his Department to national conventions and meetings in Indianapolis.

Leonard Nason is a Past Vice-Commander of Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston . . . Frederick Palmer belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Clarence DeMar is a life member of Melrose (Massachusetts) Post . . . J. Monroe Johnson was for sixteen years National Executive Committeeman of the South Carolina Department . . . John Lewis Smith, chairman of the National Finance Committee, is a Past Commander of the District of Columbia Department.

Among the artists, Herbert M. Stoops is a member of Jefferson Feigl First Division Post of New York City . . . Art Helfant is a member of Advertising Men's Post of New York City.

PHILIP VON BLON

# From a Grandstand Seat

(Continued from page 32)

"I don't know who sent our American ships on these errands of mercy. We were stationed at Constantinople when ordered into the Black Sea and to Sevastopol. Among the other ships in our division were the *Alden*, *Hovey*, *Sutherland* and *Broome*. I recall one instance of a large boat drifting with no food or heat, only standing room for men, women and children, many of whom were trampled upon. We were sent over to this boat with some provisions. The people aboard, crazed with hunger, almost mobbed us.

"If I remember correctly, we left these Russian refugees at a port in Montenegro on the Adriatic Sea. This tiny country is now a part of Yugoslavia. Lieutenant Commander Cogswell was our captain—a fine man and well liked by the crew."

Crawford enclosed copy of a letter which was received by Commander Cogswell on December 10, 1920, from Madame Catherine Chafonsky, one of the refugee passengers on his ship. We extract the following from her letter:

"Many thousands of people, and with misery and troubles, officers full of dull despair, wounded and old men, women with babies in their arms, heaps of luggage filling all the cabins, holds and decks of steamers—it is all that is left of the great and honest Russia of the past . . . Imagine only—six days on the sea, six days without sleep, without bread and

water, without hope for the future . . . the feeling that if someone does not have pity these many thousands shall perish, quite forgotten . . .

"In this moment of greatest despair, a group of people are taken out of this hell by the capricious hand of destiny. In a moment all this is changed as in a fairy tale. We are on the *Chandler*, shining with lights, so clean and charming, surrounded by merry faces. Each moment we feel the attention of a great and generous nation, but we, dirty, ragged, hungry, without a home, without a fatherland, we are beggars and their help is charity. Why do we not feel it here? Why do those awful days seem to have gone in the past and new hopes are born?

"We are under the protection of the nation which always stands for verity. With her help we will redress our wings, broken by storm, and be ready for new exploits, new sacrifices. And now we send our great, sincere thanks for having shown us we are not quite cast away and damned for having loved our country."

**T**YING up in port—any old port, home or foreign—would indicate even to a landlubber such as we are, good times ahead. Shore leave. Dress uniforms. Fair femininity. And adulation and entertainment galore—particularly in war time. But not so, according to the picture of the gang of gobs at mess which you



will find on page 32 through the co-operation of Edward A. Dieckmann, Legionnaire, of 4378 Thirty-fifth Street, San Diego, California. You tell 'em, gob: "Destroyers! The old West Coast coal burners!"

"This photograph was taken in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1918 of a group from the U. S. S. *Hopkins*, Destroyer No. 6. Who remembers whom? Who remembers the circumstances of this chow-table set up on the dock?

"What a life! Ten days at sea. No water, even to drink. (We had canned tomatoes.) Deck loads of coal. Coal piled in the living compartments.

"The end man at the table on the left now owns a string of drug stores in Los Angeles and the gang cheered him till tears came to his eyes the day he left the ship after the war. Why? He was the most popular man on the tin-can. Bet he's a big-shot Legionnaire now—popular, too.

"Something about the *Hopkins*?—Well, she with others of her class was condemned for sea duty five years prior to our declaration of war with Germany. For that reason she required a lot of repairs from time to time to keep her from folding up like a service cot.

"The photograph was taken during one of the rare overhaul periods, between convoys, and the reason we were chowing on the dock was because we were engaged in delousing the crew's living quarters! The old boats had no sheathing inside when war broke out. The first cold spell, and our blankets froze to the bulkheads. Someone advanced the swell idea of putting in a sheathing of canvas—a hurry-up job. That worked fine but for one thing. The space behind the sheathing made a wonderful breeding place for bed-bugs!

"None of us could ever figure out just which was the worse, bed-bugs or frozen blankets. We slept in our heavy-weather clothes anyhow, so I for one would have preferred the ice. We tried every darned thing to get rid of the pests, cyanide and other stuff, but soon discovered that live steam was the best. That made a heck of a mess out of things for a while but cleared out the bugs, for a week at least. Then they'd be back, horse, foot and guns."

Well, ex-gobs, how many of you recognize yourselves or your buddies in Dieckmann's picture? And how many of you remember those happy days on the *Hopkins*? Write and tell Dieckmann, or make report to the Company Clerk of the Monthly.

IT IS not too early to start considering a reunion of your old wartime outfit at the time many of your former comrades will be in Cleveland, Ohio, during the period from September 21st to 24th, attending the national convention of the Legion. If you want to gather your gang together, write to J. M. Sawyer, Reunion Chairman of the (Continued on page 62)

APRIL, 1936

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This practical handbook for fishermen, is a fascinating, reliable guide to better fishing! It tells how and why Creek Chub True-to-Nature Lures and Flies Catch More and Bigger Fish! Beautifully illustrated! Sent FREE upon request!  
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prefer, send check, currency, money order or stamps and save the 18c fee.

#### A DEPRESSION PRICE

This sensational one-cent price is made possible by performing a major operation on the spread between the cost-to-make and the ultimate price-to-the-consumer. When you pay 25c for blades that cost 2½c to make, you pay too much. Blades are now without patent protection and must sell close, like other every-day necessities.

#### SWEDISH SURGICAL STEEL

Fine surgeon's scalpels are made from the identical steel used in Marlin blades. Swedish ore is the purest found and consequently the easiest and most economical to refine and process.

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This revolutionary guarantee means every word it says. If you use a box of Marlin blades and have not had the grandest shaves in all your life, we will return TWICE the purchase price. **FRANK KENNA, President.**

**THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.**

2004 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

**MAIL COUPON TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP**

**MARLIN FIREARMS CO., EST. 1870**  
2004 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Please send me . . . (50-blade) packages of Marlin Double Edge Blades at 50 for 50c; 100 for \$1; 200 in Gift Box, \$2.

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ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . .

Enclosed Amount



# GOV'T. JOBS

**SALARY TO START \$90 to \$175 MONTHLY MEN.. WOMEN Age Range 18 to 50**

**EX-SERVICE MEN GET PREFERENCE**  
 ( ) Village Carrier  
 ( ) P. O. Laborer  
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 Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify for Government Positions" marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.  
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## Tepee Type

cabins. Automatically air conditioned. Easy to build. Sleeping quarters for four adults on second floor. Plans \$2.00.  
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On Alabama Gulf Coast, one-half hour from Pensacola, Florida. 325 growing days. Unexcelled for general farming, early truck, dairying, poultry and live stock. Electric power and telephone service available. Paved roads. Excellent fishing—deep sea, fresh water. Surf bathing. Prices attractive. Any acreage desired. Healthful climate. Active Legion Post.  
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# LET KIDNEYS FLUSH OUT 3 LBS. A DAY

## Clean Out 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes

Nature put over 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters in your kidneys to strain the waste matter out of the blood. Kidneys should pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

When the passing of water is scanty, with smarting and burning, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your body may take up some of these poisons causing serious trouble. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and help the kidneys to flush out 3 pounds a day. Insist on Doan's Pills.

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National company needs more men at once to make regular calls on local routes. No experience needed. Operate on our capital. I send everything; give you brand new Ford car as bonus. Rush name on postcard for FREE Facts. **ALBERT MILLS**  
 1662 Manmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio

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Over 75% of Dog Ailments Caused by Worms

NOW you can be sure of worming your dog correctly. The new "can't-go-wrong" Pulvex Capsules expel Tape and Round and Hook Worms, all in the same dosing. No chance to guess wrong and use wrong type capsule. No gassing, gagging or harmful effects. Guaranteed. At pet shops, drug and department stores, 75 cents.

**PULVEX** Worm Capsules

# From a Grandstand Seat

(Continued from page 61)

convention, 14907 Lakewood Heights Boulevard, Lakewood, Cleveland. Plans for reunion headquarters, entertainment or whatever you wish will be furthered by Mr. Sawyer. Report the reunion to the Company Clerk also, so announcements may be published in this column.

Detailed information regarding the following Cleveland national convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names appear:

**NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES**—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Bertha Welter, natl. secy., Elkhart, Ind.

**4TH DIV. Assoc.**—National and Ohio State Chapter reunions. Hq. Carter Hotel. Roy L. Hiller, chmn., 418 Burleigh av., Dayton, Ohio.

**326TH INF., Co. I and M. G. Co.**—Proposed convention reunion. Jack Steinlen, Clinton Corners, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

**14TH ENGRS.**—Convention reunion. Send name and address to Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for monthly paper, the News.

**23d ENGRS. Assoc.**—Convention reunion. Henry J. Sterk, secy-treas., 3938 W. 62d st., Chicago, Ill. Also write to Bonny H. Benson, editor, for official paper, *The Engineer Along the Highway of Life*.

**29TH ENGRS.**—Proposed reunion. Report your wishes to R. J. Richardson, care *Times Press*, Akron, Ohio, or H. E. Seifert, 4 Tonkin ct., Kent, Ohio.

**8TH F. A., BTRY. C, 7TH DIV.**—Reunion. J. W. Shattuck, secy., 1185 St. Charles av., Lakewood, Ohio.

**7TH F. A., BTRY. F**—Proposed reunion. Everett O. Powell, Salem, Ark.

**BASE HOSP. No. 136, A. E. F.**—4th annual reunion. Elmer V. McCarthy, M.D., secy., 108 N. State st., Chicago, Ill.

**EVAC. HOSP. No. 6 VETS. Assoc.**—Convention reunion. Russell I. Prentiss, South Lincoln, Mass.

**EVAC. HOSP. No. 10—Personnel**, including officers and nurses, interested in Cleveland reunion, write Herman A. Wenige, P. O. Box 448, Jeffersonville, Ind., or Kenneth N. Robinson, The College Store, Warrensburg, Mo.

**EVAC. HOSP. No. 22—Officers, nurses and enlisted men** interested in convention reunion, report, with correct address, to Paul E. Desjardins, Lapcer, Mich.

**224TH AERO SQDRN.**—Proposed reunion. M. V. Matthews, 2208 Cumming st., Omaha, Nebr.

**851ST AERO SQDRN—Vets.** interested in convention reunion, write to Ralph Krupp, 70 W. Market st., Tiffin, Ohio.

**AIR SERV.**—All Air Serv. veterans who registered at St. Louis convention and others interested in reunion and banquet at Legion national convention, Cleveland, write to J. E. Jennings, adjt., 1128 S. 3d st., Louisville, Ky.

**NAVY**—All-Navy banquet for Navy veterans at Legion national convention, Cleveland. Write to Navy Post, The American Legion, 4622 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

**U. S. S. Hancock**—Proposed convention reunion. Frank L. Mahoney, ex-radio operator, 500 Main st., Brockton, Mass.

**U. S. S. Iowa**—Ship's company reunion. Send your address and addresses of shipmates to Wendell L. Lerch, U. S. Vets. Admin., 4209 Post Office bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

**U. S. S. South Carolina**—Proposed reunion. Those interested write to J. M. Williams, 806 W. William st., Kendallville, Ind.

**NAVAL AVIATION CAMP, CAP FERRET, FRANCE**—Vets. interested in proposed convention reunion, Cleveland, report to Charles G. Webb, Jr., Physical Director, U. S. Vets. Facility, Marion, Ind.

**M. T. C. Units 301-2-3, NEVERS and VERNEUIL, FRANCE**—Convention reunion. Send name and address to Wm. R. Naylon, 1721 Burgess rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

**NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.**—Annual reunion. Carl D. McCarthy, comdg. offcr., Kempton, Ind.; Craig S. Herbert, personnel offcr., 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

**AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.**—

Annual reunion. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1210 Watson av., Scranton, Pa.

**PRISONERS OF WAR**—Proposed reunion of all ex-prisoners of war. Irving Zolin, Woodrow Hotel, Beaumont, Tex.

**HELLENIC POST, The American Legion, Cleveland**, invites all Hellenic posts of the Legion to send delegates and visitors to the Legion national convention. It will act as host. Vlahos John Harris, 1641 Grace av., Lakewood, Ohio.

Announcements of activities of other veterans' organizations follow:

**SOCIETY OF 3d DIV.**—Annual national reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 16-19. Hq. at Hotel Madison. Write to Charles J. McCarthy, secy., Box 137, Camden, N. J.

**4TH DIV. MEN OF N. Y.**—Reunion dinner and election of officers, New York City, May 9. All vets. reporting to John A. Pierce, care of John David, 1271 Broadway, New York City, will receive application for 4th Div. medal.

**5TH DIV. SOCIETY**—Annual national reunion, Providence, R. I., Sept. 5-7, during 300th anniversary celebration of founding of Providence. Reunion headquarters, Hotel Biltmore. Walter E. Pears, gen. chmn., 62 Louis av., Providence.

**YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VETS. Assoc.**—National convention, Worcester, Mass., June 26-28. Edwin J. Noyes, gen. secy., Bancroft Hotel, Worcester.

**SOCIETY OF 28TH DIV.**—Spring reunion for all Red Keystoners in Philadelphia area, at 11th Inf. Armory, Philadelphia, May 8.

Send name, address and outfit to W. T. Wolohan, 25 S. 6th st., Philadelphia.

**30TH DIV.**—Divisional history will soon be ready for distribution. Vets. desiring copies, file name and address with E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark.

**32d DIV. VET. Assoc.**—Bi-annual convention, Milwaukee, Wisc., Sept. 19-20. Byron Beveridge, secy., 1148 Florence ct., Madison, Wisc.

**RAINBOW (42d) DIV. VETS.**—Annual national convention-reunion, Kansas City, Mo., July 13-15. *The Rainbow Reveille* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit, to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 816th st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

**OHIO RAINBOW DIV. VETS. Assoc.**—Annual reunion, Mayflower Hotel, Akron, Ohio, June 5-6. Dale F. Powers, 56 Kent rd., Tallmadge, Ohio. Write to Jack Henry, secy., Marysville, Ohio, for free copy of *The Ohio Rainbow Reveille*.

**77TH DIV. Assoc.**—Membership entitles holder to all privileges of clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Jack Simonson, care of clubhouse.

**78TH DIV. Assoc.**—Mid-summer reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., July 24-26. John Kennedy, secy., New Hope, Pa.

**82d DIV.**—Annual divisional reunion, Hotel Viking, Newport, R. I., May 16. All vets. send name, address and outfit to R. J. McBride, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

**310TH INF.**—Reunion, Providence, R. I., date to be announced. John P. Riley, 151 Wendell st., Providence.

**9TH INF., Co. M**—Proposed reunion, Syracuse, N. Y., with N. Y. Dept. Legion convention, in August. Leo J. Bailey, Canastota, N. Y.

**160TH INF., Co. I (formerly Co. E, INF., CALIF. N. G.)**—Reunion at Legion clubhouse, Santa Monica, Calif., June 16. Frank I. Bailey, 1028a 7th st., Santa Monica.

**308TH INF., Co. K**—Reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Apr. 4 (changed from May 2.) S. Reiss, 105 Bennett av., New York City.

**308TH INF., Co. L**—16th annual reunion and dinner, Rosoff's Restaurant, 43d st., E. of Broadway, New York City, Apr. 20, 7 p. m. G. R. Mannering, chmn., 567-92d st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

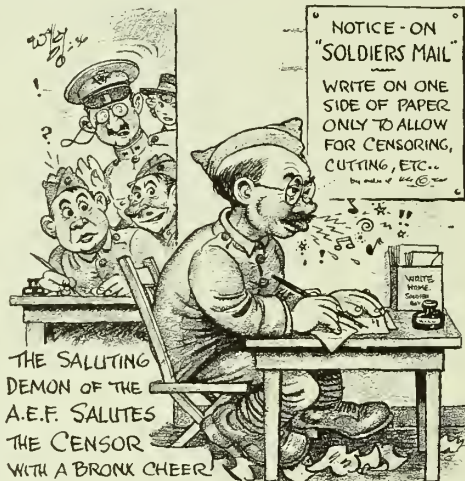
**313TH M. G. BN.**—Photographs, diaries and all records wanted by L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie, Pa. for battalion history.

**148TH M. G. BN., Cos. A and C (formerly K and L, 4TH S. D. INF.)**—Proposed reunion at Camp Pontis, Moberg, S. D., in spring. Paul Mc-Gaughan, 709 N. First st., Aberdeen, S. D.

**56TH PIONEER INF.**—5th annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 7. John Winchester, secy., Monroe.

**59TH PIONEER INF.**—Vets. interested in reunion, address John J. Dugan, P. O. Box 607, Wilmington, Del.

**11TH F. A.**—Reunion, York, Pa., Sept. 5-7. Write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 6140 Saunders st.,





Elmhurst, N. Y., for your copy of roster just published, also for *The Cannoneer*, outfit newsletter.

12TH F. A. BTRY. C.—Proposed reunion and dinner in Washington, D. C., in July during 2d Div. reunion. Irving Chayken, Parthenon bldg., Hammond, Ind.

20TH F. A. Assoc.—Officers and men, both active (reserve) and veterans, interested in joining association and obtaining copy of *The Observer*, official publication, write to Leon C. W. Ketting, actg. adjt., 113 Clymenes dr., Toledo, Ohio.

322 F. A. Assoc.—17th reunion, Hamilton, Ohio, date to be announced. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

BTRY. B, A. E. F. VETS. Assoc.—12th annual reunion reception and banquet, Hotel Manger, Boston, Mass., Apr. 18. Joseph A. Murray, chmn., care of United Drug Co., 63 Leon st., Boston.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS., RY.—7th reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, June 20-21. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 31st st., Little Rock, Ark.

15TH ENGRS., Co. D—Reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 25. R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh (6), Pa.

23D ENGRS.—Monthly lunch club meetings at Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, first Saturday of each month. Bonny H. Benson, 518 N. Cuyler av., Oak Park, Ill.

31ST RY. ENGRS.—8th annual reunion, Denver, Colo., in Aug. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

62D ENGRS.—Pictures, stories, records wanted by H. Work, 521 Riverside av., Covington, Va., for history.

109TH ENGRS.—For new roster, report to L. Owen Tisdale, 1718 Park av., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

309TH ENGRS., 84TH DIV.—13th annual reunion at Fort Logan (Denver), Colorado, July 24-25. Write to Claude L. Orr, secy., 678 S. Rennington rd., Columbus, Ohio.

313TH F. S. BN.—For roster and reunion news, write to Dr. Charles L. Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa.

416TH TEL. BN. Assoc.—Vets. not receiving copies of *Wig Wag*, write to T. N. Kimmel, secy., 7959 Avalon av., Chicago, Ill.

308TH M. P., 83d Div.—Reunion, Elks Club, Canton, Ohio, Apr. 18. Harry Heidenfelder, 1439 Orchard Grove av., Lakewood, Ohio.

Co. F, 309TH SUP. TRN. Soc.—10th annual meeting, Biltmore Hotel, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 8-9. C. C. Perry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

318TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Vets. interested in Chicago reunion, Labor Day weekend, and in New York City reunion in Oct., report to Wm. (Speed) Leckie, Wantagh, N. Y.

325TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Proposed organization. Report to Selwyn Smith, adjt., Jack Kimball Post, A. L., Cass Lake, Minn.

85TH AERO SQDRN.—Letter reunion. Carl T. Felker, 730 Greeley av., Webster Groves, Mo.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Champaign, Ill., in Aug. H. S. Lewis, 107 W. White st., Champaign.

267TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Indianapolis, May 31. L. Hessey, 3557 Kenwood, Indianapolis.

AIR SERV., ESSINGTON, PA., and LAKE CHARLES, LA.—17th annual reunion, Essington, in May. S. H. Paul, 520 E. Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEN. HOSP. No. 1, GUN HILL ROAD, N. Y.—Vets. interested in proposed reunion, report to Dr. Benj. Luntz, 197 Asylum st., Hartford, Conn.

F. H. No. 146, 112TH SAN. TRN., 37TH DIV.—Reunion, Hotel Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio, Apr. 18. Report to Dr. John E. Rauschkolb, secy., 1705 Republic bldg., Cleveland.

305-6-7-8TH F. H. and AMB. Cos., 77TH DIV.—Reunion in May. Dr. Samuel A. Laitin, 45-15 Parsons blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

152D AMB. Co.—Reunion during Indiana A. L. Dept. convention. Report to Earl Phillips, 1st Natl. Bank bldg., Marion, Ind.

CAMP SURGEON'S OFFICE, CAMP MERRITT, N. J.—Proposed permanent vets. association. Report to Dr. Arthur L. Hyde, 812 Slattery bldg., Shreveport, La.

U. S. S. Mount Vernon—Annual reunion in Sept. For details, send names and addresses to P. N. Horne, shipwriter, Room 501, 110 State st., Boston, Mass.

Co. A, ERIE SCHOOL BOARD TRNG. DET.—Proposed organization of "Erie Club," at Penn. A. L. Dept. convention, Johnstown, Pa., Aug. 20-22. Report to John D. Kimmel, Johnstown Trust bldg., Johnstown.

SOC. OF CROSSED QUILLS OF AMERICA—Organized at Legion natl. convention in St. Louis. All ex-field clerks are invited to join. W. J. Mueller, secy., 3316 N. Ninth st., St. Louis.

**F**ORMER comrades of Irvin Lee Bolton, Pvt. 1cl., Hq. Co., 6th Inf., 5th Div., who was killed in action during the St. Mihiel Offensive, September 12, 1918, are requested to write all information they may have of him to his mother, Mrs. Bolton, care of Peter A. Meehan, York, Nebraska.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

## 25 War Veterans Will Use Their Bonus to Become Financially Independent!

BY ROBERT M. BOWES



**W**HEN your bonus check arrives, will it be "easy come, easy go?" Or will you *invest* it to launch yourself in a sound, substantial business with a real future?

I'm looking for 25 serious, sincere veterans who want to climb out of the job rut; who want to be their own boss in a big, new field.

Let me show you how to "go places" in the years to come! Backed by factory training and dominant national advertising, more than

200 Bowes "Seal-Fast" distributors are now putting it over.

Each distributor is given exclusive, protected territory with a liberal quota of good retail outlets. No risk is involved—your money will be refunded if you decide not to continue with us after trial period.

*Sell yourself to me in a letter.* Give age, experience, present earnings, if married, own a car—any facts that will help me know you better. Enclose a photo of yourself.

Your letter will be held in strict confidence and receive my personal attention. Prove your interest by acting now. Write me today!

ROBERT M. BOWES, President  
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Here is Henry Uden, Spokane, and his Bowes "Seal-Fast" trailer—one of my 200 successful, prosperous distributors.



### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

#### BALANCE SHEET January 31, 1936

##### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 329,178.68
Notes and accounts receivable....	61,347.26
Inventories.....	92,897.33
Invested Funds.....	1,387,404.61
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Fund.....	186,947.88
Office building, Washington, D. C.	
less reserve for depreciation.....	130,387.63
Furniture, fixtures & equipment,	
less reserve for depreciation.....	34,820.22
Deferred charges.....	19,579.53
	\$2,239,563.14

##### Liabilities, and Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 52,693.72
Funds restricted as to use.....	24,844.86
Deferred income.....	345,988.33
	\$423,526.91
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Fund.....	\$186,947.88
Reserve for investment valuation..	4,007.79
	\$614,482.58
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital \$1,315,875.68	
Unrestricted capital	
309,204.88	\$1,625,080.56
	\$2,239,563.14

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant



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MAKES NEW KIND OF  
POTATO CHIP—  
Donuts—Salted Nuts**

Stop looking for something difficult. Turn potatoes into cash. I show you just how with my newly perfected outfit. Start anywhere. Very little cash needed. Exclusive location. Profits pour in. No experience needed. I furnish the plans. Begin anywhere—village, small town, city or suburb. A big opportunity is waiting. Business permanent.

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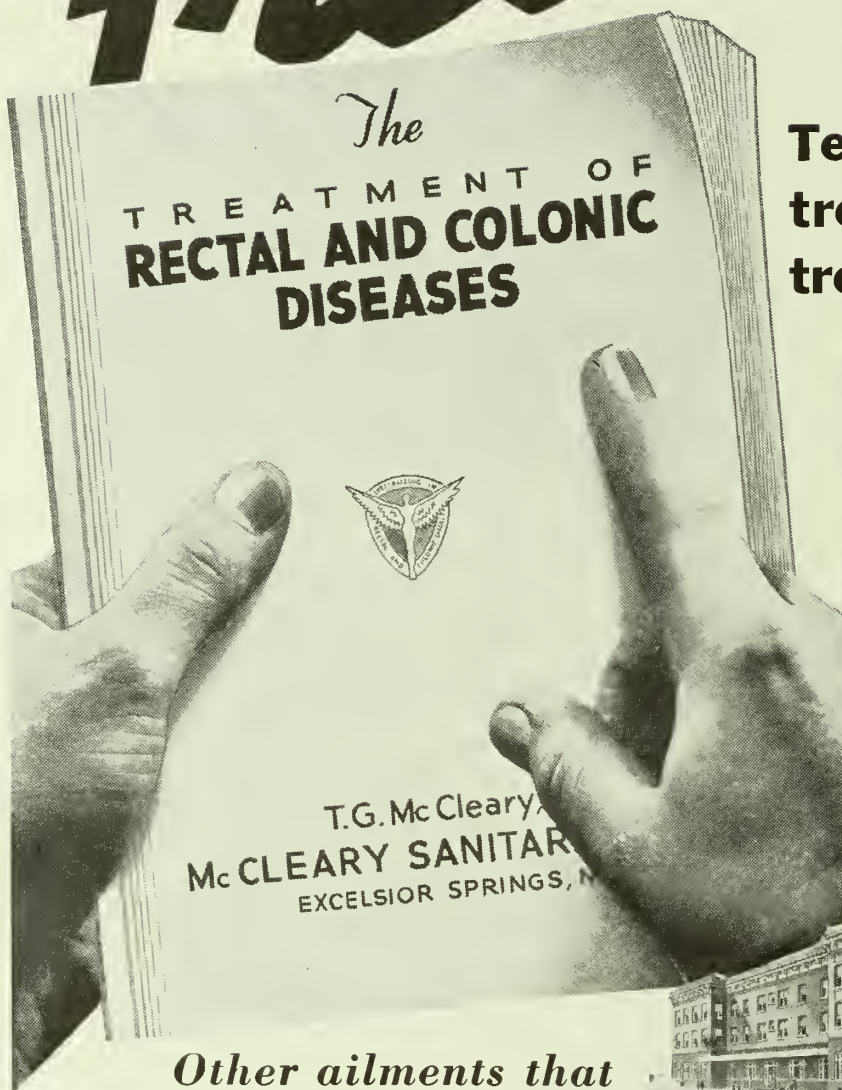
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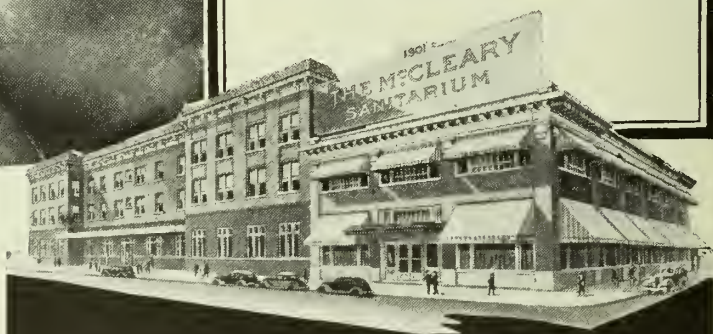
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treacherous afflictions**

This book has hope and encouragement for every rectal sufferer. It tells of the mild McCleary treatment—used in this, the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the treatment of rectal and colonic diseases. For 30 years, and by thousands of patients from all parts of the United States and Canada, the McCleary method has been tested and proved. A long list of reference names will be sent you with your **FREE** copy of our latest book.

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Hemorrhoids (piles), Fistula, rectal disturbances of various kinds, are often the direct cause of other common ailments—such as headache, liver, bladder or kidney trouble, indigestion, anemia, nervousness. Dr. McCleary, in his book, shows the close relationship of these reflex symptoms. If you have any rectal disorder, it merits prompt attention. Do not wait for developments—undermined general health, or possibly cancer. The McCleary treatment has proved itself again and again as a mild, quick way to permanent relief. Read about it in this 32-page illustrated **FREE** Book. Mailed in plain wrapper.

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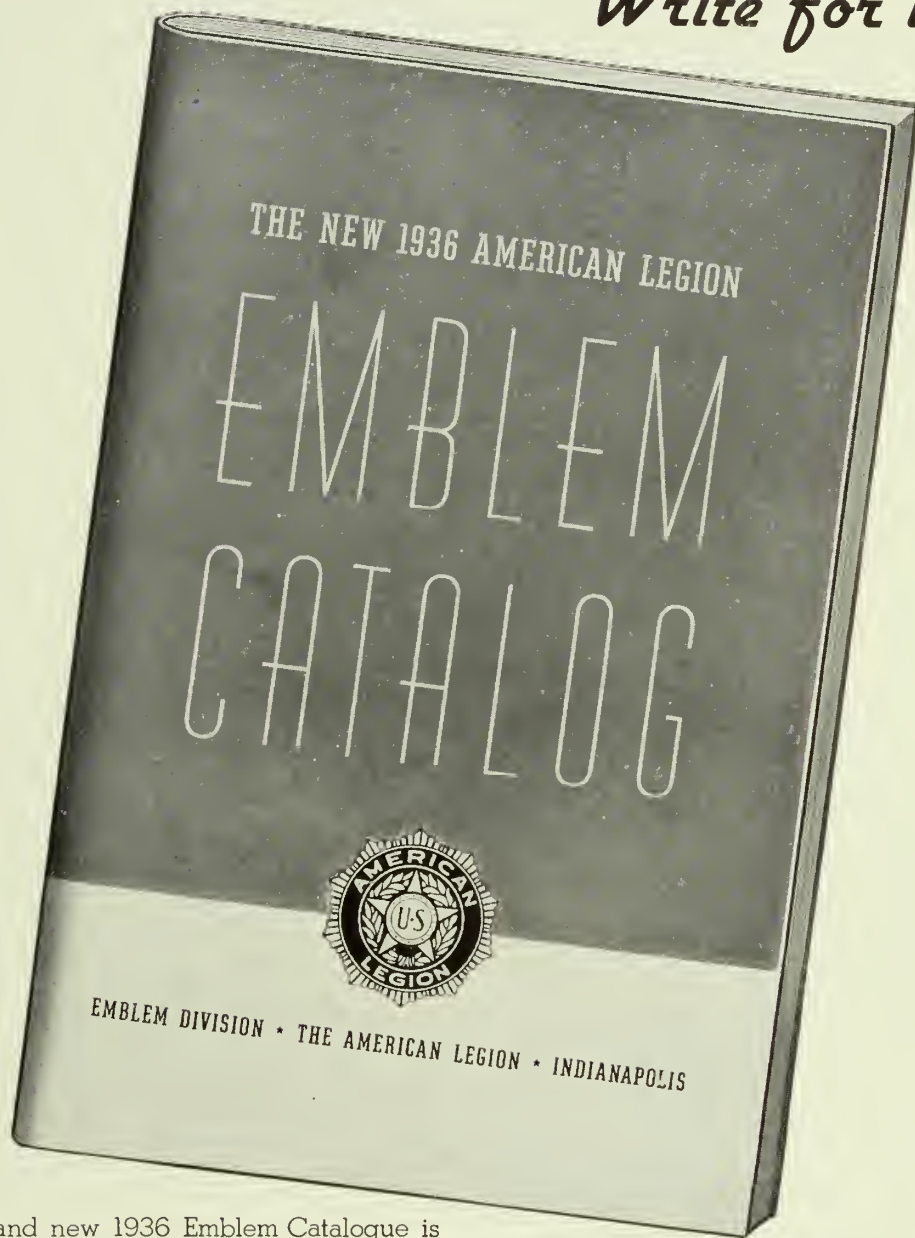
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4-36

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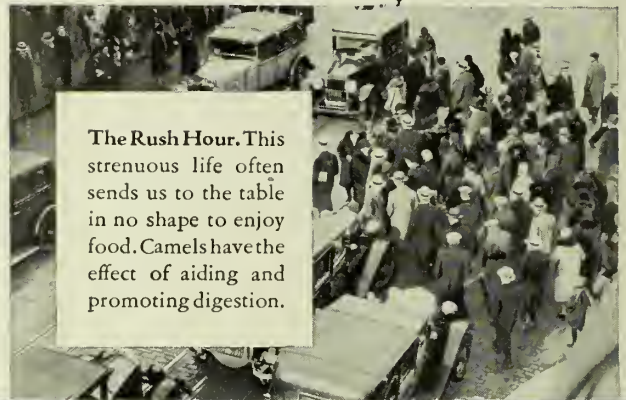


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Smoking Camels found to have a positive  
beneficial effect upon Digestion...

Our modern "eat-and-run" way of living is hard on digestion. Experiences with indigestion are all too common! Hence unusual interest attaches to the following fact: that smoking Camels has been found to have a marked beneficial effect on digestive action. You'll find Camels milder too, more delicate in flavor, packed with the rich enjoyment of choice tobaccos. You can smoke them freely. Camels never tire your taste.

Turn to Camels for digestion's sake... for the pleasure to be found in Camel's costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right!



**The Rush Hour.** This strenuous life often sends us to the table in no shape to enjoy food. Camels have the effect of aiding and promoting digestion.

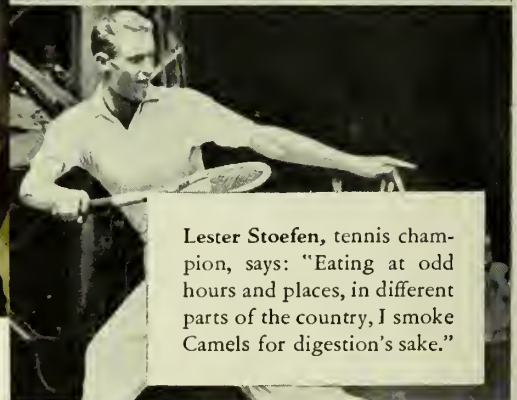


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success comes through giving people the best. The fact that Camel uses costlier tobaccos and people prefer Camels shows that they appreciate the same policy in other lines too."



**Henry T. Snowden,** '34, intercollegiate wrestling champion. "Smoking Camels," says Snowden, "after meals and between meals aids digestion."



**Lester Stoefer,** tennis champion, says: "Eating at odd hours and places, in different parts of the country, I smoke Camels for digestion's sake."

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**TUNE IN!**  
Camel Caravan with  
Walter O'Keefe, Deane  
Janis, Ted Husing,  
Glen Gray and the  
Casa Loma Orchestra  
Tuesday and Thursday  
— 9 p.m. E.S.T., 8 p.m.  
C.S.T., 9:30 p.m.  
M.S.T., 8:30 p.m.  
P.S.T. — over WABC-  
Columbia Network.



**Otis Barton,** daring scientist-inventor of the famous "bathysphere." Barton says: "Camels make my food taste better and help it to digest."



*For Digestion's Sake*

*smoke Camels*

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